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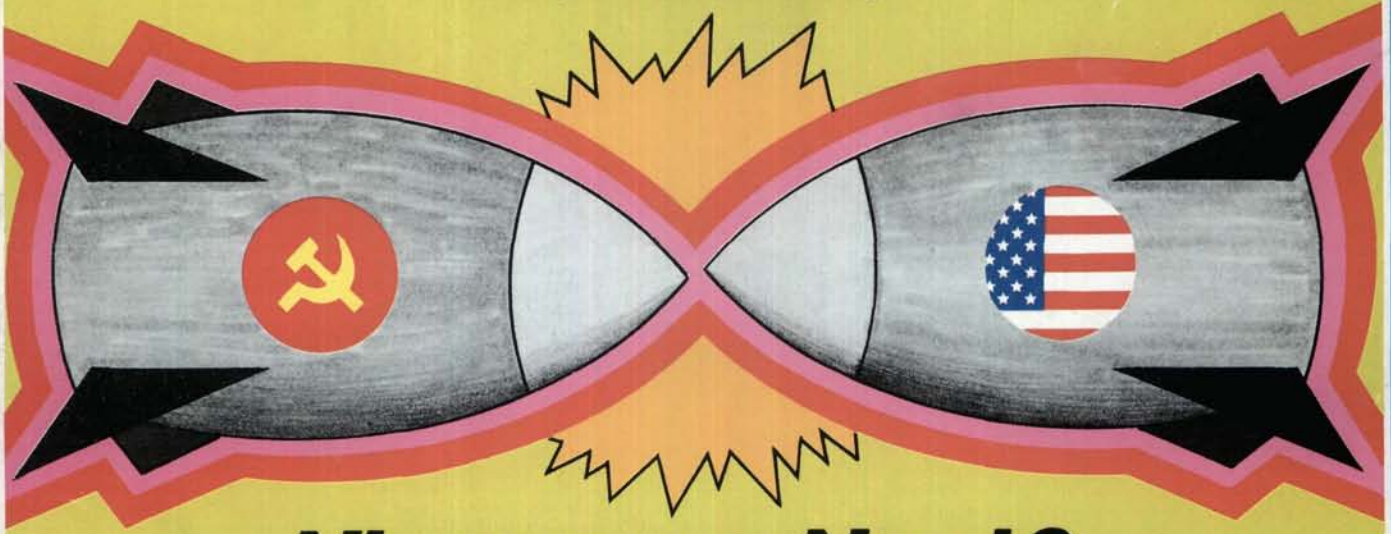
NOVEMBER 21, 1975

NR
NATIONAL REVIEW

WHO IS DETENTING WHOM?

Michael S. Kelly



Nicaragua Next?

RUBY HART PHILLIPS

Also In This Issue:

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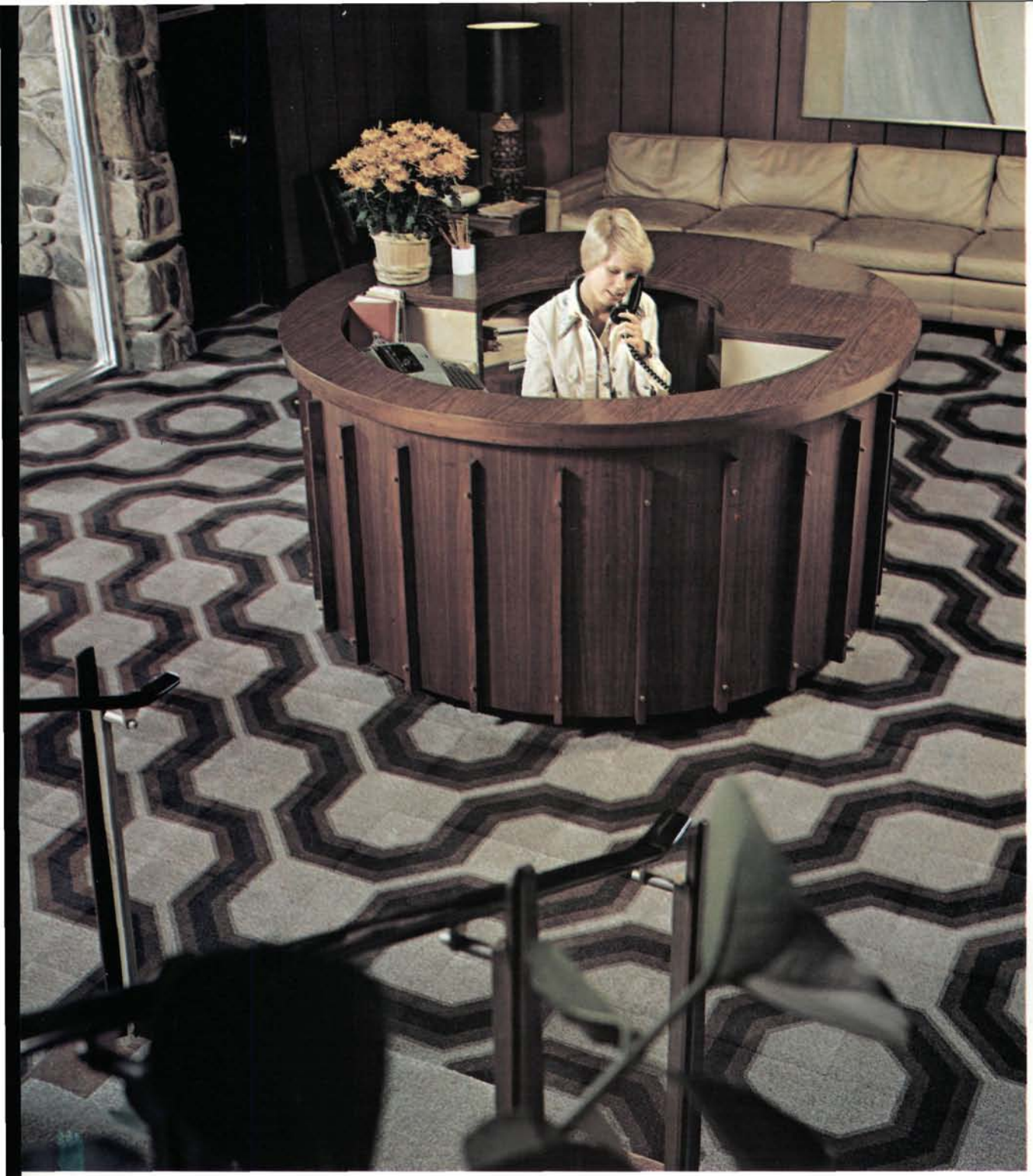

Milliken's **Flexagon** Carpet Tiles awarded **IBD** First Prize for Floor Coverings.

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Would you pay $9.95 for a child's gift that won't be outgrown, broken, worn out, lost or forgotten six weeks after Christmas?

The name of this unique gift is HIGHLIGHTS FOR CHILDREN. It is the most honored, and possibly the most beloved, monthly children's magazine in the world. And, in a day and age when fads in toys and trinkets and clothes appear and vanish almost before you turn around, HIGHLIGHTS FOR CHILDREN could be one of the most exciting Christmas presents you will ever give.

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Eleven times a year, HIGHLIGHTS FOR CHILDREN brings its young subscribers good fiction and poetry; authoritative articles on science, music, math, nature, astronomy and famous people; lessons in good manners; craft projects; puzzles, games and just plain fun. It avoids any suggestion of violence or crime in words or pictures. Each issue is 42 or more pages long, bound in sturdy tagboard. The type is large and easy-to-read. There are no coloring or cut-out pages, for HIGHLIGHTS is meant to become part of each young subscriber's permanent library.

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• GDZ 45

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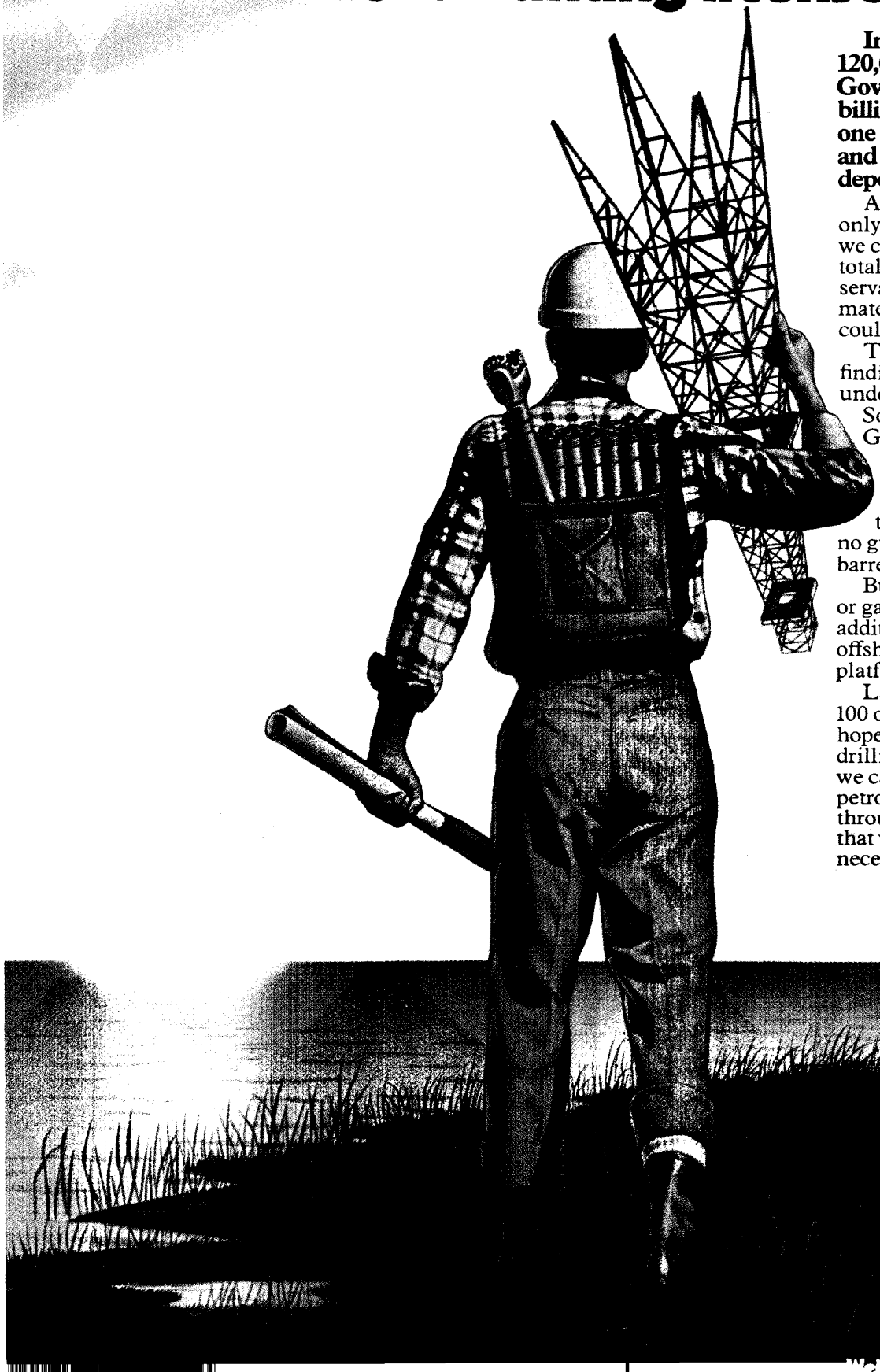
Just to search for oil, Texaco spent over $500,000,000 last year for a hunting license.



In 1974, Texaco leased 120,000 acres of land from the Government for over one-half billion dollars. Hopefully, one day we'll find enough oil and gas to help make us less dependent on sources abroad.

Although America accounts for only 6% of the world's population, we consume about one-third of the total energy demand. Even with conservation programs, it's still estimated our country's energy needs could double by the year 2000.

There is a great potential for finding new supplies of oil and gas under our oceans.

So last year, we paid the U.S. Government over $500,000,000 for leases on over 120,000 offshore acres. That's over $4,100 an acre for property that's under water. And there's no guarantee we'll ever find a single barrel of oil.

But if we do find a potential oil or gas supply, we then have to spend additional millions for expensive offshore drilling and production platforms and pipelines.

Last year alone, we drilled over 100 offshore wells. This year, we hope we'll be able to finance the drilling of even more. The best way we can see to supply you with the petroleum energy you need is through a free enterprise system that will enable us to generate the necessary capital.

TEXACO

We're working to keep you [illegible]

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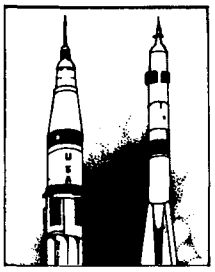
NR NATIONAL REVIEW
VOL. XXVII, NO. 45
NOVEMBER 21, 1975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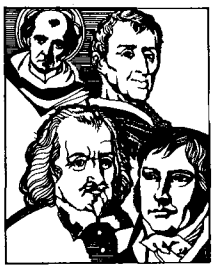
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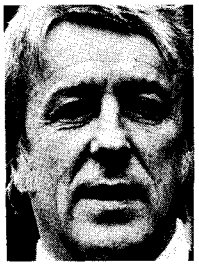
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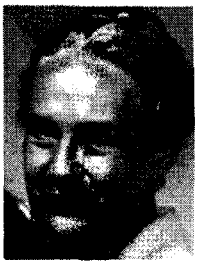
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The Apollo-Soyuz Test Project was advertised as a milestone of East-West cooperation. That it was. But for whose ends? What in fact was gained—and lost? What was the role of our media? And where were all the usual critics of wasteful spending in space? *Michael S. Kelly*

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Letters

History to the Defeated . . .

George Watson's "Were the Intellectuals Duped?" [Nov. 7] is a very impressive piece of scholarship—impressive and saddening. It's especially sad that some of the Thirties poets, having rejected the Communist religion of violence, began to deceive themselves as to what they had once thought and believed. I think especially of W. H. Auden, who knew so much and wrote so well about self-deception. The answer, I suppose, is that you can't expect an artist not to be what he complains about.

An interesting sidelight on one point Mr. Watson makes—that the received opinion of modern literary criticism tends to coincide with these writers' later versions of their Thirties beliefs—was printed recently in the memorial volume on Auden edited by Stephen Spender (another of the Thirties Communist poets). Hannah Arendt is discussing Auden's rejection of the poem "Spain, 1937," with its lines "History to the defeated/May say Alas but cannot help or pardon." Auden, in the introduction to *Collected Shorter Poems* (1966), wrote of these lines: "To say this is to equate goodness with success. It would have been bad enough if I had ever held this wicked doctrine, but that I should have stated it simply because it sounded to me rhetorically effective is quite inexcusable." Says Miss Arendt: ". . . which I doubt, not only because the lines are too good, too precise to have been produced for the sake of being 'rhetorically effective,' but also because this was indeed the doctrine everybody believed in during the Twenties and Thirties."

Boston, Mass. MARY SCHLEGEL

Sanction against Strikers

I was particularly interested in your editorial "Twice Is Not Enough" [Oct. 10], in which you call attention to the repeated flagrant violations of the Taylor Act ban on public employee strikes. The Council of Industry is the principal organization of manufacturers in southeastern New York, and your comments came just as we were putting finishing touches on a policy statement issued this week in letters to the Governor and legislative leaders. We call for a penalty for breaking this law—a penalty which, to the best of our knowledge, has never been suggested before.

The Taylor Act specifically requires that any union seeking to represent public employees must first, as an absolute precondition to recognition, *affirm that it will not strike.* I recommended to our Board of Directors, and they agreed, that any union which later strikes in defiance of its affirmation *should forfeit its status as exclusive bargaining agent* for the unit of employees involved.

We believe that this sanction—which goes to the very heart of a union's power to break the law—would prevent illegal strikes more effectively than any other. We also believe it follows logically from the statutory requirement that a union "take the pledge" to gain recognition in the first place. While this is especially appropriate here in New York because of the language of Taylor, I think the concept can apply wherever public employee strikes are outlawed.

Poughkeepsie, N.Y. WILLIAM K. HAYES
Executive Vice President
Council of Industry

Bouquet

Politics makes strange bedfellows—and non-nutritious menus. I drink a toast in melted Swiss cheese (sodium propionate et al.) to Mr. Jukes for his tasty article, "Ralph Nader and the Terrible Ten" [Sept. 12].

Chugiak, Alaska ANN CHANDONNET

Modified Bouquet

For more than a year now, I have been growing more and more unhappy with NATIONAL REVIEW. The magazine is still better than anything in the field, but it seems to have lost the old wit and zest. Your October 24 issue, however, recaptures all the old spirit that I recall. Once again, there is sparkle in "The Week," and D. Keith Mano, as usual, is excellent. The piece by my favorite writer,

(Continues on page 1270)

NATIONAL REVIEW is published weekly, except the first two issues in January, by National Review, Inc., at 50 Emmett St., Bristol, Conn. Second-class postage paid at Bristol, Conn. © National Review, Inc. 1975.

Book Editor: George F. Will, 6683 32nd Place N.W., Washington, D.C. 20015; Articles: Daniel Oliver; Arts & Manners: M. J. Sobran Jr., NATIONAL REVIEW, 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016

Address all editorial mail, manuscripts, letters to the editor, etc. to Editorial Dept., NATIONAL REVIEW, 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016

Address all subscription mail, orders, changes of address, undeliverable copies, etc., to Circulation Manager, NATIONAL REVIEW, 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016

RATES: *$27.00 a year ($15.00 for the 48-page issues, and $12.00 for 8-page issues published on the alternate weeks). In all cases, add $1.00 for Canada, $3.00 for other foreign subscriptions.*

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First time in book form: H.L. Mencken blisters the press

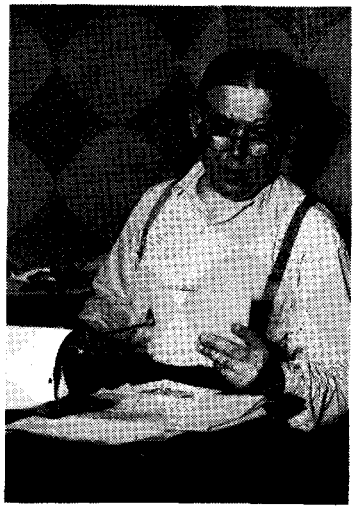
A Gang of Pecksniffs

AND OTHER COMMENTS ON NEWSPAPER PUBLISHERS, EDITORS AND REPORTERS

BY H.L. MENCKEN

Selected, Edited and Introduced with a Profile of Mencken as Newsman by Theo Lippmann, Jr.

A few years before he died, H. L. Mencken wrote to a friend that "as I look back over a misspent life, I find myself more and more convinced that I had more fun doing news reporting than in any other enterprise. It is really the life of kings."



With Mencken, newspapering was a lifelong love affair. He was a giant on the Baltimore *Sun* for more than 40 years, and he had edited another Baltimore paper before joining the *Sun*. Over the years he held down almost every editorial and reporting job in the business. He was a confidant of publishers. When he died in 1956, the *Sun*'s obituary identified him as "newspaper man, critic, wit and Baltimore's best-known writer."

Now Theo Lippman brings together just about everything Mencken ever wrote on the Fourth Estate. Only one piece has appeared in a book before.

The pages bristle. Mencken spared no one, least of all his colleagues—as Franklin Roosevelt was shrewd enough to understand. FDR, as part of his running skirmish with the press, roasted them mercilessly at the 1934 Gridiron Club dinner. Only toward the end of his speech did he reveal that he was quoting from Mencken—at that time FDR's severest critic.

Mr. Lippman contributes a lively profile of Mencken as newsman, with emphasis on the Tennessee Monkey Trial and his irreverent forays into presidential politics.

Following in his hero's footsteps, Mr. Lippman is now an editorial writer with the Baltimore *Sun*. He is the author of *Spiro Agnew's America* and co-author of *Muskie*.

A TOUCH OF BITTERS: MENCKEN ON NEWSPAPERS

- The press and the New Deal
- The New York *Times*
- Newspaper morals
- The art of leading the vulgar
- The first requirement of a good headline
- Government propaganda
- Hearst and his critics
- Tabloids
- Codes of ethics in journalism
- Scripps-Howard and the other chains
- Editorial pages
- Joseph Pulitzer
- Phony news
- Press clubs
- Mencken's own Baltimore *Evening Sun*
- Schools of journalism
- Dana and the New York *Sun*
- The journalist as professional
- The Newspaper Guild
- The newsman: his central job
- Objectivity
- The critics of journalism

Mencken on American newspapers

"The *average* American newspaper, *especially* of the so-called better sort, has the intelligence of a Baptist evangelist, the courage of a rat, the fairness of a Prohibitionist boob-bumper, the information of a high-school janitor, the taste of a designer of celluloid valentines, and the honor of a police-station lawyer. Ask me to name so many as five papers that are clearly above this average . . . and when I have made it up and the names are read by the bailiff, a wave of snickers will pass over the assembly after nearly every one. These snickers will come from newspaper men who know a shade more about the matter than I do."

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NR—573

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LETTERS

(Continued from page 1268)

John Greenway, would be enough in itself to change *The New York Review of Books* into a lively journal.

Please let us have some more of Mr. Greenway's writings, even if you have to begin reviewing anthropology texts.

Richmond, Va. J. ROBERT BRAME III

Men with Guns

Your editorial "Women with Guns" [Oct. 10] hit a nail on the head, but not the only nail, and not even the most important one.

Imagine, if you will, that Patty Hearst was born not two decades ago in this country but several decades ago in Russia, China, or any one of the up-and-coming dictatorships of our age.

With enthusiasm and good luck she robbed several banks, kidnapped many people, murdered even more. Her services promoted her to a position next to the all-powerful Secretary, and she is sent around the world to talk business.

The conservative Midwestern farmers court her so that she will buy their grain; computer manufacturers fete her so she will buy their computers (to keep people under control back home). Gun manufacturers present her with a free sample of their Good Friday Special. She addresses the business clubs in Washington, D.C. at a $500-a-plate dinner to promote a Red Square Department Store for International Trade. A kitchen helper named Giorgio Orvello, if he looked in on the dinner, could not tell which were the farmers, which the pigs.

Westport, Conn. J. T. FRASER

Bingo

I do not know whether I am being suckered into a reply to D. Keith Mano ["The Sacrament of Bingo," Oct. 24], because I am not sure whether he is writing with tongue in cheek. I agree with him that to resort to bingo is a shame, but in many cases it is a necessity that has been forced upon us. Our necessary two nights of bingo are conducted in a friendly atmosphere, and the program is an important social outlet for many of our participants. And it is *not* the type of thing that will cause the family breadwinner to spend a paycheck on gambling rather than the necessities of living. So, in the words of our august and illustrious and confused Supreme Court, it has "redeeming social value."

As for the statement "if Catholic lay people aren't prepared to finance their schools . . .," I would venture to say that these good people give more, per capita, than anyone else when you consider Sunday collections *plus* tuition. When the Federal Government thinks two different ways about our schools, i.e., the courts think they are churches and

(Continues on page 1272)

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A small town with a pretty big idea.

Ames, Iowa, population 39,500. New York has about that many taxicabs and Chinese restaurants; L.A. might, by now, have that many suburbs.

Yet Ames is in the process of converting the garbage produced by all 39,500 into useable fuel for their electric power plant—burning more orange peels, coffee grounds, cereal boxes and less gas and oil—"corncobs to kilowatts" if you'll allow.

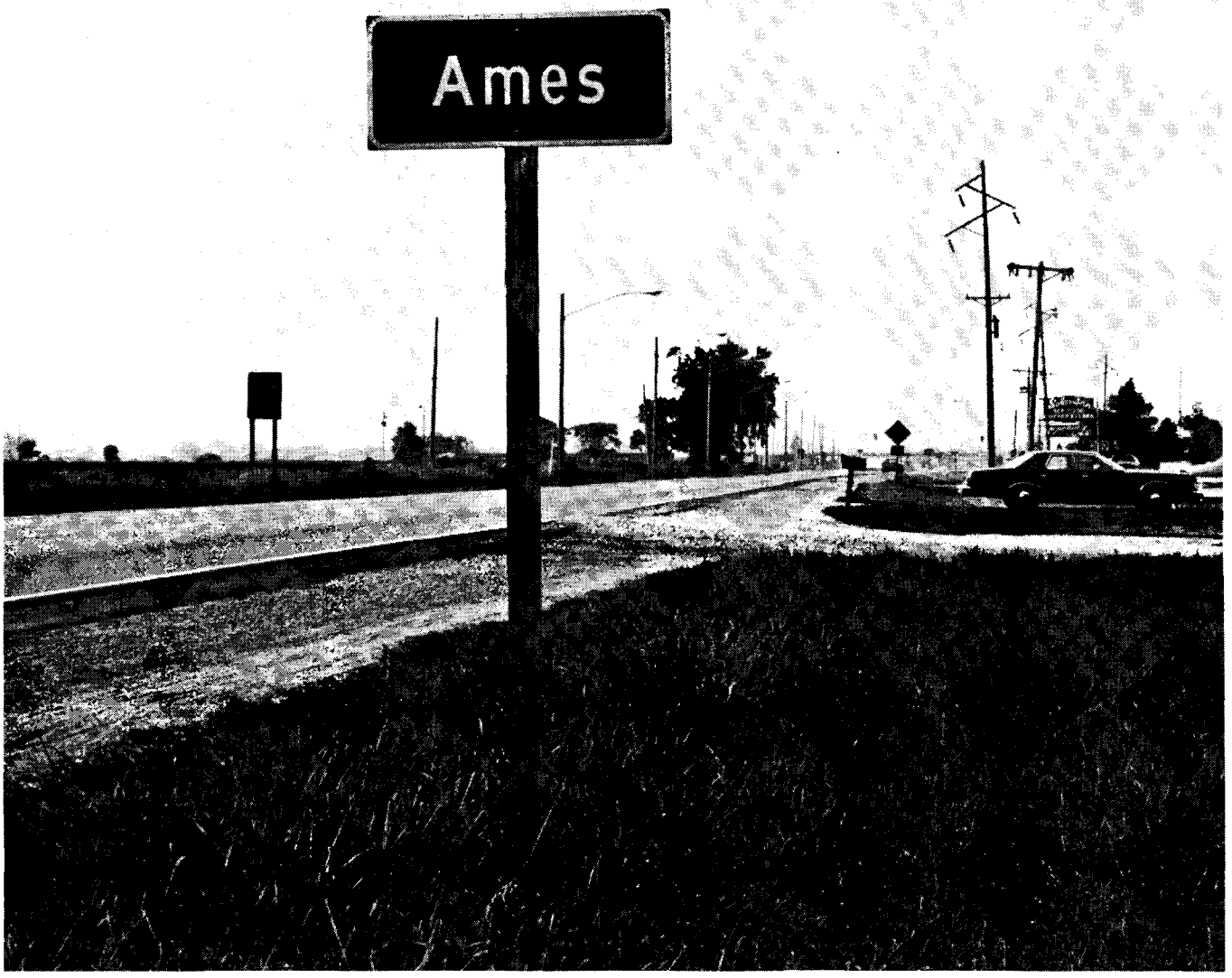
A big, big idea. And one good idea leads to another (reduced fuel needs). And another (sharply reduced landfill requirements). And still others (recovery of steel cans and other materials, reduced air pollution, increased community pride and efficiency). In fact, the idea is catching on in a big way in other small towns.

Franklin, Ohio; Saugus, Mass.; Great Falls, Mont.; Odessa, Texas; Menlo Park, Cal.; Stickney, Ill.; Altoona, Pa.; Madison, Wisc. and Hamilton, Ontario—they're all in the same business—burning garbage in place of oil and gas and recovering recyclable materials.

To the "small-fry" it makes good sense not to let waste go to waste. It will become common sense when the rest of us jump in. Find out how your community can become "energized"...Write us: Room 104

Steel the recycled material

Tinplate Producers
American Iron and Steel Institute
1000 16th Street, N.W.
Washington, DC 20036



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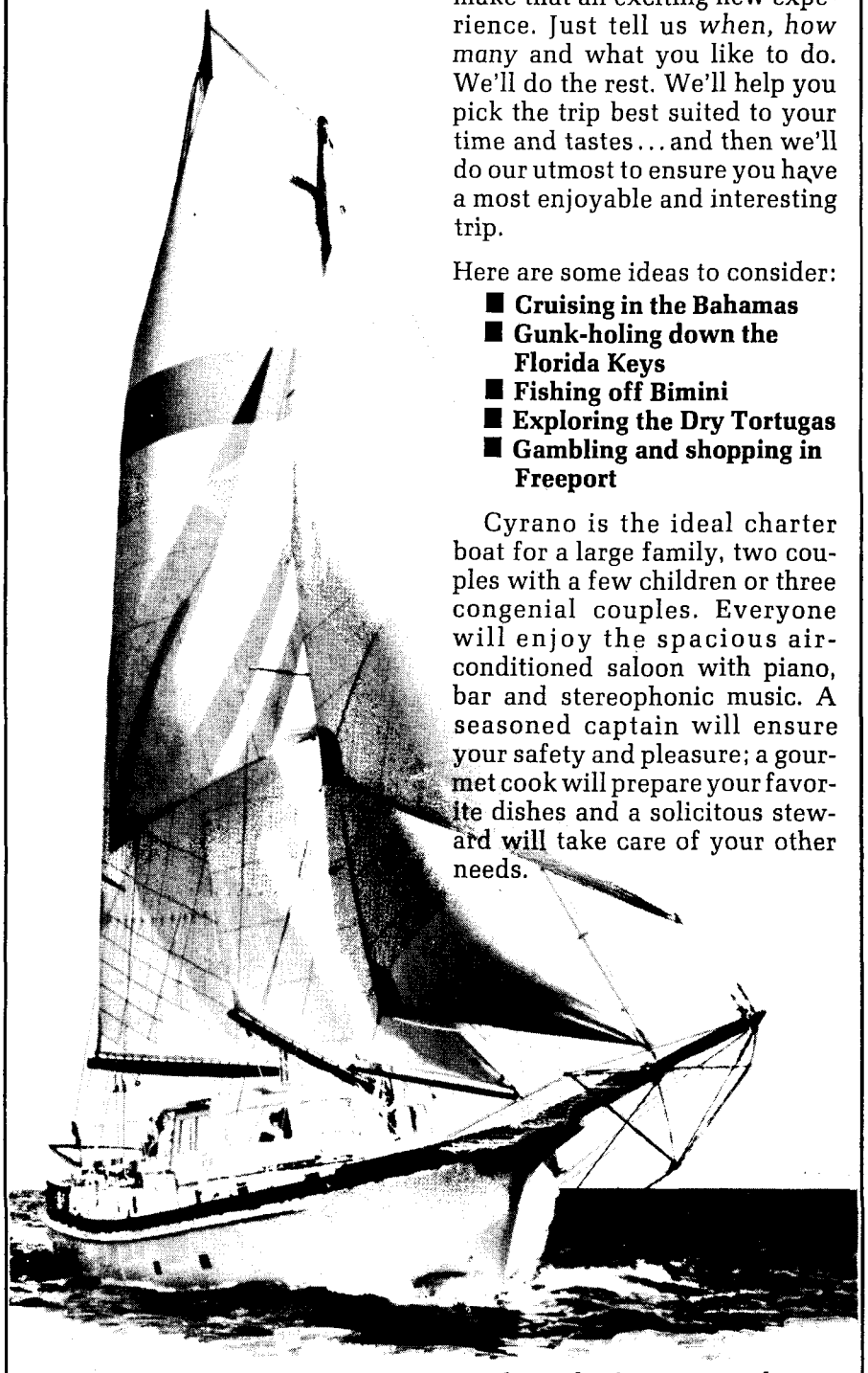

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(Continued from page 1270)

therefore will not aid parents and children, and the IRS thinks they are schools and therefore will not make tuition tax deductible, parents become trapped.

This year is the fiftieth anniversary of the Pierce Decision, which gave parents the right to select the school of their choice for their children. But now parents and children are being severely penalized. Until they receive their full rights under the First and Fourteenth Amendments, I must and will use bingo, raffles, or what have you to help them exercise these rights, D. Keith Mano notwithstanding.

Columbus, Ohio EDWARD MCFARLAND
Principal
St. Francis de Sales High School

Anti-expert EPA

Raymond Clark tells us, in effect ["Letters," Oct. 24], that the Environmental Protection Agency's field is too "extremely complex, technically"—too burdened with abstruse "long-range societal questions"—to be commented on by a mere journalist like Ralph de Toledano.

What spoils Mr. Clark's argument is that EPA itself has published, and circulated by the millions, a multicolored, hand-illustrated booklet entitled "Don't Leave It to the Experts." "Government and industry have 'experts' on their sides," it claims—the internal quotation marks are theirs—"but citizen organizations often have their own expertise to contribute"—to wit, a "healthy skepticism" of government and industry and their experts.

This publication includes sections entitled "Fight for Funds" and "Yes, Lobbying," in which EPA pleads for more money for itself, so that it can "establish high enough salary levels to attract and keep qualified personnel"—however inexpert. Apart from the fact that EPA is itself part of the government that its staff thus scorns and derides, we find it improperly using public funds to propagandize for higher pay for its staff. Apparently it has decided to dispense with ethics along with expertise.

This is something to keep in mind as EPA continues its career of bidding and forbidding our daily activities.

Damascus, Md. HAROLD E. MINER

Rednecks

Please be advised that "Redneck" is a proper noun and adjective; contemporary concern over the delicate matter of ethnic names suggests a discreet change in editorial policy. The latest incidence of your editorial slip appears in James Jackson Kilpatrick's otherwise enjoyable article on the Libertarian Party [October 10].

The origin of "Redneck" as the name for Southern Plain Folk is not known;

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the common tale about sunburn while plowing lacks documentation. Plain Southerners have gone under many names: Cracker, Hill Billy, Ridge Runner, Cedar Chopper, Clay Eater, and more. There has never been a general ethnic term for them; they always thought that they were THE Americans.

The Rednecks' claim to ethnic-group status finds support in scholarship, their academic name being "Upland South." This culture, thoroughly formed by 1776 (note the Bicentennial touch), is the culture of the frontier, log houses, moonshine, the Nashville Agrarians, feuding, stock-car racing, the Grand Ole Opry, Andrew Jackson, George Wallace, and related beliefs and practices.

Redneck studies anyone?

Baton Rouge, La. MILTON B. NEWTON JR.

Priests, Not Priestesses

Malachi Martin's illuminating article "On Toying with Desecration" [Oct. 10] argues persuasively that the piety, learning, and civil rights of women are precisely what is *not* at stake in the controversy over female ordination. What *is* at stake is "the mystery of Jesus' sacrifice for all men." C. S. Lewis, in an essay in *God in the Dock*, elaborates on this very point.

Lewis claims that the priesthood is part of the masculine imagery that is central to an understanding of the Church's teachings, and that as such it is not arbitrary or unessential, but inspired. Lewis writes: "The point is that unless 'equal' means 'interchangeable,' equality makes nothing for the priesthood of women. [Such equality] . . . is, among humans, a legal fiction. . . . But in church we turn our back on fictions. . . . We have no authority to take the living and semitive figures which God has painted on the canvas of our nature and shift them about as if they were mere geometrical figures.

". . . The Church claims to be the bearer of a revelation. If that claim is false then we want not to make priestesses but to abolish priests. If it is true, then we should expect to find in the Church an element which unbelievers will call irrational and which believers will call supra-rational. There ought to be something in it opaque to our reason though not contrary to it. . . .

". . . it is an old saying in the army that you salute the uniform not the wearer. Only one wearing the masculine uniform can . . . represent the Lord to the Church: for we are all, corporately and individually, feminine to Him. We men may often make very bad priests. That is because we are insufficiently masculine. It is no cure to call in those who are not masculine at all. A given man may make a very bad husband; you cannot mend matters by trying to reverse the roles."

Denver, Colo. ELLEN GRANT

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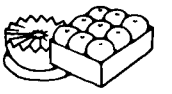
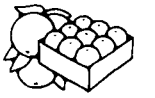

February – Grapefruit


March – Royal Oranges

April – Hawaiian Pineapples

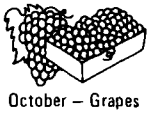
May – Preserves

June – Home-Canned Fruit

July – Kiwi Berries

August – Nectarines

September – Peaches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Nov. – Spanish Melons

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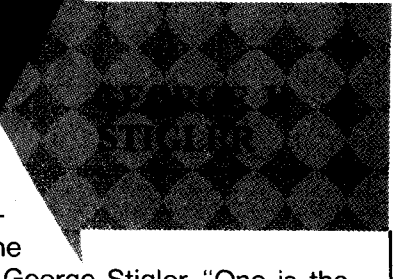

The need for state action—or withdrawal from action—is a fundamental theme in economics. "There are two issues concerning the competence of the state which divide the conservative and the liberal," writes George Stigler. "One is the capacity of the state to withstand special interests; the other is its capacity to get things done." Both sides, Stigler holds, too often fail to look beyond theory to determine the *effects* of economic policy.

Stigler, one of the most articulate of conservative economists, writes with style and wit. These essays on public regulation of economic life include two case studies on the effects of controls on electrical utility rates and on the Securities and Exchange Commission. Stigler's conclusion, that, at present, regulated interests mostly stand to *benefit* from regulation, should make both conservatives and liberals reexamine assumptions about state control. $10.95

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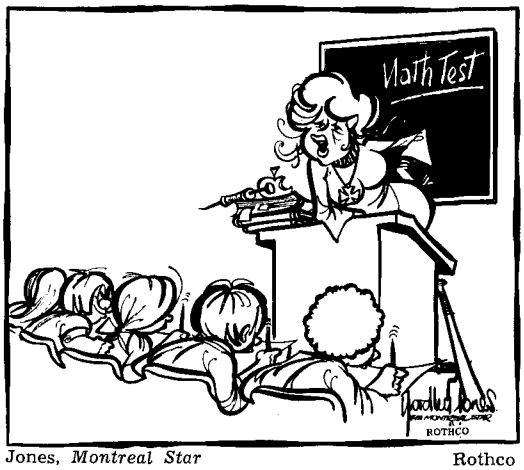
FOR THE RECORD

■ They're calling it "The Weekend Wipeout," and what it means for detente is clear. Secretary of Defense **James Schlesinger** has now followed into exile other government officials who have in recent months called for a halt in detente: former Secretary of Defense **Melvin Laird**, former Chief of Naval Operations Admiral **Elmo Zumwalt**, former SALT negotiator **Paul Nitze**, former U.S. Ambassador to Russia **Foy Kohler**. . . . **NATO** headquarters in Brussels was devastated by the announcement. "The people here say they're going to miss Schlesinger," says one high-ranking U.S. official; they believe **Don Rumsfeld** (Schlesinger's replacement and a former U.S. Ambassador to NATO) is a nice fellow, and able, but "lacks the muscle." . . . In **Germany** the conservative *Die Welt* called it "undoubtedly one of the darkest news items to circle the globe in recent months." The *Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung* commented that "with Schlesinger's ouster the brake on SALT is being released by the American side." . . . The liberal British *Guardian* was pleased: "Mr. Schlesinger's hawkish instincts were incompatible with detente." . . . Russia was overjoyed. News reports from Moscow say **Brezhnev** now hopes the U.S. will make enough concessions in the SALT II talks to get a treaty before the Party Congress in February. . . . The *Daily World*, organ of the **CPUSA**, was ecstatic at the ouster of a man who was "a menace to constitutional safeguards on civilian control of the military [and who] posed the danger of a fascist-like military police takeover of the U.S. Government."



Jones, *Montreal Star* Rothco

"If one poor teacher earns ten lousy grand teaching 31 dumb students . . ."

■ The *Christian Science Monitor* believes the shifts in the Cabinet give Don Rumsfeld the inside track for the vice presidential nomination next year, but the *Monitor* points out that **George Bush**, who will succeed **William Colby** at CIA, and **Elliot Richardson**, who returns from London to take over from **Rogers Morton** at Commerce, were also mentioned as possible Vice Presidents before Ford chose Rocky a year ago. . . . About Bush, there's the question: can anyone in any way associated with CIA these days expect politics in his future? Says one Republican in Congress: "It will be harder for him to move from the CIA to Vice President than it would have been even if they'd left him in **China**." . . . Bush himself seems to have his doubts. "If anyone can conceive of this job [the **CIA** post] as a springboard to political fortune, well, he's been hallucinating," he told reporters in Peking. . . . On the other hand, Bush may not be confirmed. Rep. **Otis Pike** (D., N.Y.), head of the House committee on intelligence, says that the Bush appointment is the "politicizing" of CIA and that it's wrong. "What I see as going wrong with the CIA was not when the pros at the Agency were left alone. Where they got into trouble was when the pros were told to do something by the politicians." . . . And Rep. **Michael Harrington** (D., Mass.), who is himself being investigated by the Ethics Committee for leaking confidential news to the press, says Colby was probably disposed of because he was "a reckless spiller of beans."

■ About Rockefeller's pullout of the '76 race: The **Republican Steering Committee** on the Hill, an informal group of conservative senators, has concluded that, happy as they are that Rockefeller has ruled himself out of the race, that is outweighed by the bad news about Schlesinger. . . . Sen. **James L. Buckley**, who had urged President Ford to dismiss **Henry Kissinger** as director of the National Security Council several weeks ago, was pleased by that move, disturbed by the shift at Defense. . . . On whose initiative was it that Rockefeller pulled out? Rocky says his, but a White House spokesman has confirmed that an informal survey of **Republican state chairmen** indicates a Ford ticket minus Rocky will be stronger than a Ford ticket with him. . . . A private poll in Minnesota, released just before the Rockefeller announcement, showed Republicans there preferring **Ronald Reagan** as Veep over Rockefeller, 57 per cent to 35 per cent. . . . The suggestion by liberal GOP Sen. **Charles Mathias** of Maryland that he might enter the race as a counter to Reagan on the Left has bombed with fellow liberal Sens. **Edward Brooke** and **Jacob Javits**. Says Brooke: "We've got an incumbent President and all we're talking about is launching other candidates." . . . Reagan's formal announcement now expected within the next fortnight.

■ Sign of the Times? A dead Democrat (**William King** died too late to have his name removed from the ballot) has won a resounding victory over a live Republican for Supervisor of Malone, New York.

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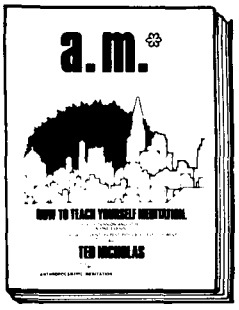

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Ted Nicholas is the best selling author of several books including: "How To Form Your Own Corporation Without A Lawyer For Under $50.", "Where The Money Is & How To Get It", and "How To Self Publish Your Own Book & Make It a Best Seller". As a businessman he has been selected as one of the outstanding businessmen in the country and was invited to meet with the President of the United States to discuss business matters. He founded and has been practicing Anthrocentric Meditation for two years.

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THE WEEK

■ Hear the latest Polish joke? As East and West meet in Vienna to discuss mutual unbalanced force reductions, General Motors is making plans to build a truck plant in Poland. The more trucks we build for them, the more heavy equipment of other sorts they can build for themselves . . . Come to think of it, that sounds more like an American joke.

■ Edward Teller, the father of the H-bomb and a leading authority on military matters, was asked by the *New Guard*, the monthly of the Young Americans for Freedom, whether the United States' military is now strategically inferior to the Soviet Union's. Dr. Teller does not mince words. "Definitely," he replied, "and becoming weaker year by year." How did he feel about the concept of "sufficiency"? "When you are inferior, as we are, then to argue for equality is real progress." If Congress were willing, how long would it take the U.S. to catch up to the Soviet Union? "Ten years." There is no indication that Congress will start in on that effort this year. Or next? Ask Schlesinger. The DOD will forward his mail.

■ Sidebar on New York City's bonds: The *New York Times* last month ran an article headed, "A Bankrupt City? Not in Europe"—a factual rundown on how other countries manage their municipal funding, but with the implication that we might learn something from them. The last paragraph of the story? "The Italian authorities would sell municipal bonds if they could, but because of national as well as municipal debt, most bankers think such issues would be exceedingly difficult to market." Q.E.D.

■ "Over the past ten years, the payroll of [New York] City's Health and Hospitals Corporation has grown by 10,000—yet the patient load has dropped 25 per cent. Over the last five years, the corporation has spent $500 million on new facilities; yet, while all private hospital beds are filled, the city's 18 hospitals have shown a 25 per cent vacancy rate. How much waste lies in this area alone? Three hundred million dollars, one-third of the budget gap, is a generally accepted estimate. . . . In the education area, the number of persons employed has nearly *doubled* since 1960, yet the number of students in the public schools has remained the same"—from an interview with Treasury Secretary Simon in the November 10 *U.S. News & World Report*.

■ The *New York Times*, with all its heart, wants the Federal Government to bail out New York City. In recent days, the *Times* has been carrying a sort of series in which various public figures predict the dire consequences of default. Bertram Gold, executive vice president of the American Jewish Committee, claims that if city bonds are not redeemed, "people who have invested their life savings in them might fall easy victims to the demagoguery of new populist movements of both the Left and the Right." Our favorite, so far, was the comment of former Under Secretary of State George Ball, who said a New York default would aid world Communism; the Communists would view it as a "significant symptom of the weakness of American capitalism." Mr. Ball, as it happens, is a New York investment banker —and a significant example of the weakness of American capitalism.

■ Happy Warrior Hubert H. Humphrey, riding his boomlet for the Democratic presidential nomination, strongly favors a federal bailout of New York City. But let the bondholders take note of Mr. Humphrey's method of solving his own debt situation, some $900,000 in debts left over from his 1968 campaign. He proposes to pay off his creditors at 3 to 4 cents on the dollar. Many of said creditors are long-term supporters who probably never expected payment at all. But it would be difficult for Humphrey to run again with a debt of almost a million dollars outstanding. Canceling the debts may thus be seen as a sort of contribution to his coming campaign. And while the amounts are far in excess of the maximum contributions currently allowed by law, the cancellations are not considered contributions and so escape the limitation. Positively pre-Watergate.

■ Election rundown: It was beautiful. The *New York Times*, the *New York Post*, the New York Civil Liberties Union, the American Civil Liberties Union, the League of Women Voters, the National Organization for Women, Common Cause, the AFL-CIO, the Democratic *and* the Republican state committees all urged the voters of New York and New Jersey to approve an Equal Rights Amendment to their state constitutions. The voters responded: phooey. Resoundingly. Now the anti-ERA forces say they will try to get the state legislatures in New York and New Jersey to rescind their previous approval of the national ERA. (Thirty-eight states, of the 42 needed, have approved the ERA, but two state legislatures have since reversed their stand on approval, which may, or may not, be constitutional.) New Jersey voters also turned down four big bond issues, but approved a constitutional amendment granting property tax relief to the elderly. The two gubernatorial races, both in the South, went not unexpectedly to Democrats, although in the Mississippi race where the Democrat, Cliff Finch, beat out Republican Gil Carmichael with 50.5 per cent of the vote there may be a recount. In Kentucky, the Republican challenger Robert Gable, who had hoped to ride to victory on the busing issue, failed to retire Governor

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

The headline of the week (from the *New York Times*) appeared the day Mr. Ford fired Defense Secretary James Schlesinger, but was not related—directly, at least—to that firing. The headline was: "Eternal Darkness May Be the Fate of the Universe." The headline of the week definitely was not the one about an incident on the 14th Street Bridge over the Potomac River: "Kennedy Involved in Car Crash." And the less said the better about this headline: "Wallace Says Europe Is Nothing He Hasn't Seen on TV." If you think the headline was unfair, it was based on this assessment by Wallace of his European tour: "I've seen Europe on television, and thousands of Europeans, so really it was nothing new to me." Warming to his theme, Wallace said: "You can learn as much about going abroad by watching and reading news, and reading books and stories and publications, as you can by seeing some concrete walls, a few automobiles in traffic jams, and some scenery." There were two other headlines of commendable cogency. One concerned the resignation of David Packard as finance chairman of Mr. Ford's campaign committee: "Packard Dispute Rooted in Money." This headline probably was produced by the same man who, two pages later, told us: "Hirohito Regrets A-Bomb."

■ There is some evidence that the scramble for supremacy among the many presidential candidates on the Democratic Left is narrowing to a two-man race between Representative Mo Udall of Arizona and former Georgia Governor Jimmy Carter. Udall is not making progress in the South, where Carter is campaigning hard to become the alternative to Wallace among Southern moderates. But Udall is becoming the choice of many of the able technicians who masterminded McGovern's stunningly successful 1972 primary campaigns. Actually, though, none of this matters. Cato can now reveal that Hubert Humphrey will get the nomination. That was the confident prediction of 280 witches in the annual Halloween witches poll conducted by the New York Center for the Strange, a non-profit research organization.

■ Now for the good news. As this is written, Washington is host to the agreeable suspicion that George Bush, recalled from Peking to head the CIA, may be replaced in China by Senate Minority Leader Hugh Scott of Pennsylvania. Scott, an expert on Chinese art, is known to covet the job rather more than he looks forward to running for re-election next year. If he does leave the Senate, there will be a lively scramble for his leadership post. The early favorite for the job is Minority Whip Robert Griffin of Michigan, who has managed to straddle the Left-Right split. If a conservative candidate emerges, he might be Policy Committee Chairman John Tower of Texas.

■ Even before Vice President Nelson Rockefeller decided to opt out of the Coming Drama of Democracy, liberal Republicans were worried about Mr. Ford's alleged drift to the Right, a drift not furthered, of course, by the firing of Schlesinger. This drift has saddened Senator Charles McC. Mathias, a liberal Republican from Maryland, so he says he may enter the New Hampshire primary, presumably to give the voters a choice, not an echo.

■ Now that we have learned not to be Policeman of the World, and have curbed our Imperial Pretensions, and have Resolved Not to Meddle in the Affairs of Others, and have Seen the Error of Our Interventionist Ways, New York City Council President Paul O'Dwyer and others are lobbying Congress to intervene in the crisis in Northern Ireland. O'Dwyer was among those who criticized the U.S. for intervening in what he said was a Vietnamese civil war. He says the U.S. should intervene diplomatically in Ulster because a near civil war is raging there.

■ Never let it be said that Alice Rivlin is not a quick learner. She recently moved from the Brookings Institution, a predominantly liberal research organization, to Congress, a predominantly liberal research organization. She is not a member, but she thinks like one. She is director of the Congressional Budget Office, where she has built a handsome empire of 193 employees and wants to add 66 more to the payroll, all of whom are presumably necessary to help her help Congress hold down the budget. Miss Rivlin is asking for $10.2 million to tide her committee over the next 12 months. Included in that nice sum is money for . . . a car and chauffeur for Miss Rivlin. She says she needs it to get her back and forth between her office and the Capitol, which are about a nine-iron shot apart.

■ Strong men of the Left wept openly, and the hearts of their ladies broke tragically when word reached Washington that Tom Hayden, who is Mr. Jane Fonda and a candidate for the Democratic Senate nomination in California (against incumbent John Tunney), has sold his soul to the Merchants of Death. Said Tom in a recent speech: "I don't believe that any defense contract ought to be cut in the face of mass unemployment."

—CATO

Julian Carroll. It was a close race in busing-torn Boston for Mayor Kevin White—a race complicated by recent charges of corruption in the White administration. Frank Rizzo, a former policeman, had no trouble at all getting re-elected in Philadelphia, and another law-and-order man, former police lieutenant Charles Stenvig, scored an upset victory over Democrat Albert Hofstede in Minneapolis. The Democrats retained control of the state legislature in Kentucky, Mississippi, New Jersey, and Virginia. All in all, bad news for women's lib, good news for Democrats, bad news for the big spenders.

■ John Connally, who says he is not a candidate for President, spoke the other night to 900 Vermont Republicans at a $25-a-plate fundraising dinner. He outlined his own "revolutionary ideas" for a Republican platform in 1976, some excellent, others debatable: a single six-year term for the President; a maximum of two six-year terms for senators and three four-year terms for representatives; mandatory resignation, the year before the primaries, of any congressman seeking the Presidency; mandatory retirement of federal judges at age seventy; the phasing out of federal aid to elementary and sec-

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ondary schools; prohibitions against strikes by municipal employees (differing, one assumes, from the current prohibitions); replacement of the welfare system with a new system to be paid for out of corporate taxes (great potential for another FAP here); a constitutional amendment against busing. But if the proposals were a mixed bag, the rhetoric was just fine. The first priority for '76, said Connally, is to end the situation in which Congress is "dabbling in everything from whether pro football ought to be on TV to whether we let boys sell Girl Scout cookies."

■ How goes it in Portugal? A month ago a favorite song on a Communist-controlled radio station went: "Workers, come on, let's beat up the bosses." A new favorite goes: "Soldiers, if you think your commander a fascist, give him a burst of machine-gun fire."

■ Detente pessimists, take heart: the true spirit of Helsinki has prevailed again. Has prevailed, anyway. After over a year of wrangling, East Germany's rulers relented, and signed a treaty permitting West Germans to save people from drowning in the waters that divide the two Berlins. Said a West German spokesman: "Neutral observers and diplomats warned the East Germans it was inhuman to bar rescue operations." Fine. Is there any way to warn the neutral observers and diplomats it's inhuman to be neutral?

■ The world is about to give birth to a new nation. Early in October, the Front for the Liberation of the Azores sent an ultimatum to Lisbon, demanding that the Portuguese government allow a referendum on independence. No matter what Lisbon decides, the Azoreans will hold their referendum, and its outcome is not in doubt. The independence movement has the support of, conservatively, 90 per cent of the population. What differentiates the Azores from a host of other fledgling nationettes is that the Azoreans are pro-U.S.A.

■ There's no letup in Daniel Patrick Moynihan's campaign to educate the United Nations to its responsibilities. If the General Assembly votes to equate Zionism with racism, Moynihan says, Washington will have to put "some sort of buffer" between the U.S. and the UN. Ambassador Moynihan may be edging over toward the NATIONAL REVIEW position, which has been that the United States should attend all UN meetings, listen to all the debates, participate in all committee activity, but refrain from voting in the General Assembly; which would effectively place the buffer Mr. Moynihan is talking about between the U.S. and the more irrational pronunciamentos of a chamber gone berserk.

■ Communiqué from the battle lines of the counter-reformation. Bishop Marshall of the Burlington, Vermont (Catholic) Diocese is disturbed by the failure to use titles, especially among priests and religious. He asks in a memo to all parishes that in all public affairs and correspondence the titles Father, Sister, and Brother be used no matter how familiar the acquaintance. "And I would ask all to continue to renew their efforts in this Holy Year to live in such a way that the spiritual significance of the title will be most evident to all. I am not asking for the observance of a hollow formality. I am asking for the recognition of a spiritual reality, which is made more obvious by the conduct of our lives."

■ The very week before New York and New Jersey were to vote on the Equal Rights Amendment, the New Jersey Superior Court ruled in favor of a woman who wanted to collect unemployment insurance even though she had voluntarily quit her job. The reason: she had been asked to perform work that the men in the plant regularly performed, but that she claimed was too difficult for her.

■ Dr. Harris Rubin of Southern Illinois University plans to go ahead with a test project to determine whether marijuana inhibits sexual arousal in males, despite a threat by U.S. Attorney Henry Schwartz to arrest the participants. Dr. Rubin's experiment, funded by a $121,000 federal grant, would have volunteers with gizmos attached to their dinguses smoke some dope and look at, uh, erotic pictures, to see what happens, and we bet the volunteers could tell him what happens without going through all that rigamarole, and isn't it a shame what they were saying about Betty Ford.

■ Everybody duck: here comes that New McCarthyism you've been warned about. Indira Gandhi, it seems, is a "puppet of Moscow." So says Oriana Fallaci, writing in—so help us—*The New York Review of Books.*

■ Did you know that Richard Rovere doesn't believe, in his heart of hearts, that everyone has a right to free public education?

Big Liberal Bust

In the November 10 issue of *New York* magazine, Theodore White, chronicler of presidential campaigns and also a long-time and passionate New Yorker, addresses an open letter to the Democratic majority in Congress. White ventilates a number of unfashionable truths. The central one, however, is that contemporary liberalism—he calls it "a wild excess of good will"—is bankrupt as a guide to public policy. White's themes here will surely be central to the politics of the next decade and beyond. Herewith a few excerpts:

"New York City has now reached the point where it is entirely incapable of self-government. . . . We are a city of eight million people burdened by an enormous underclass—a dependent, hapless, and increasingly predatory underclass. In order to pacify and control this underclass we pay not only huge sums in welfare but extraordinary benefits to a body of 260,000 civil servants. Those city employees who protect the stable mid-

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This Christmas is a special one for us. It's our 20th Anniversary year, and we have a great deal to be thankful for (e.g., *survival*). We hope to make it something special for you and your friends too. The next issue subscribers receive will be our big—biggest we've ever published—Anniversary issue, which will include, along with a great many other special treats, a Book Supplement from a monumental new book on the conservative movement in America (it will tell you everything you ever wanted to know about conservatives, and a great deal more besides). You will receive it at no additional cost, although it will cost three times as much as an ordinary issue on newsstands. We think you'll greatly enjoy it.

We think your *friends* would enjoy it too, and hope you will send it to them. Specifically, here is what we propose: do your own Christmas shopping early (and *often*) right now by using the card opposite to send gift subscriptions to *National Review* to friends of yours (or relations, or students—you must know lots of people who would enjoy and *profit from* NR). We'll not only announce each gift subscription in your name, we'll *begin* each with a *free* copy of the handsome Anniversary issue too. That's 26 presents in one, lasting all through the year ahead—a presidential election year during which *anybody* who's literate should get a kick out of NR. And it's so easy to give gift subscriptions: no waiting in line, no package wrapping, no postage—we'll handle everything for you if you just take a moment now to give us your instructions on the handy reply card facing this page. Why not do it right now?

The price is special too: just $12 for each gift subscription (provided you are a subscriber), and you don't *do* or pay anything extra, whereas your friends get the extra benefit of that big Anniversary issue *free*. Please send us your instructions today? Shopping early is smart shopping for you, and very helpful to us (let's all beat the rush this year!). Convenience, bargain, special treat—it's all here—so use the card opposite now. And Merry Christmas to you too.

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dle- and working-class citizens from the predators, the others who try to 'acculturate' the underclass in our public schools, charge extortionately for their services. They do nasty, sometimes dangerous, work. We pay five and a half times as much to police this city as we did in 1955 (a jump from $160 million to $880 million). Our population was larger in 1955—but, in the twenty years since, our murder rate has jumped from less than one murder a day in the city to four murders a day. . . .

"There are over a million people on welfare in this city. Our 260,000 city employees have wives, or husbands, and children. Most of them vote—and they are all united in one great purpose: 'More.' No one can be elected in this city who promises 'Less.' . . . Only now there is no more. New York can't give any longer. It promised too much and has run out of the resources to meet its promises. . . .

"It is all unreasonable, of course. But it comes from a wild excess of good will. . . . In New York good will has not only run its course, but sped beyond all legal or social speed limits. Left to itself, New York will still vote 'More.' Thus, for the foreseeable future, it is incapable of self-government; self-government in this kind of society does not work. . . .

"When you come to pick a candidate here next July in your convention, you could be meeting in a city that mocks all your fervid speeches about humanitarianism. . . . You have to realize that the issue is not just the bankruptcy of one city. It is the bankruptcy of the goals and thinking of the 1960s, a decade you dominated, the decade of unreckoning good will."

We are accustomed to being informed in various ways that right-wingers in some place like Dallas or Orange County pose the great threat to free institutions. Well, Big Surprise: the first place where self-government has failed on a really grand scale turns out to be New York, our most *liberal* city, and there self-government was buried by the rhetoric and the policies of the most "enlightened" and media-favored politicians. Who cannot write a Lindsay speech, or a Lyndon Johnson speech, or a *New York Times* editorial? You can inscribe those ringing phrases on the tombstone of New York.

Another Bailout?

It is probably only a matter of time before the New York press reports, quite uncritically, that some authority or other has predicted that a default by New York City would create a nuclear holocaust or the decline of Western civilization. Already we face the ludicrous spectacle of municipal bond dealers giving congressional testimony on how they feel about selling federally guaranteed municipal securities, which is like asking them if they prefer more commissions to less. Felix Rohatyn, the Henry Kissinger of the world of finance, suggests that if the city defaults, we might have to bring the troops back from Europe to keep order in the streets. Mayors of various cities are heard solemnly attributing all of their fiscal difficulties to New York's budget, not their own, secretly pleased that they have discovered this new excuse for shifting the risks of excessive fiscal commitments to distant rural voters. The line forms behind New York. A city need only be big and irresponsible to qualify.

The doomsayers would like to argue that the probability of default has already been reflected in a huge rise in the interest yields on municipal securities and yet also argue that an actual default would somehow catch investors by surprise and result in a further massive rise in municipal yields. They can't have it both ways. Neither massive Treasury borrowing, inflation, fiscal troubles in other cities, nor a record-busting glut of new state and local securities is given the slightest credit for any general rise in municipal yields. New York gets the whole blame. Actually, we had a test of what a default would do to financial markets in the two weeks before it nearly happened again on October 17: the yield on state and local bonds didn't soar, it *fell*—and continued falling throughout October.

The purpose of a federal bailout is not to "save the city," but to save a select group of investors from the consequences of making bad investments. Those stuck with the stocks and bonds of W. T. Grant do not get the same consideration. Yet there is no serious doubt that New York's creditors would eventually be repaid in the event of a default. Nor is there much doubt that the city could meet its bloated payroll easily enough by postponing payments to holders of city notes and bonds.

If a bailout came, and came in time, it would surely generate a populist backlash at the next election. One can imagine the sort of campaign rhetoric that could emerge about Mr. Ford's Vice President subsidizing his brother's bank at the expense of rural taxpayers while city policemen and teachers lost their jobs. It isn't good analysis, but it could be great politics.

A loan guarantee could make the riskiest municipal securities the safest havens for investors. That would encourage other municipal authorities to take greater fiscal risks over the long run, causing a decline in the quality of municipal securities and a rise in municipal interest

All Together, Now

Since the English threw the Dutch out,
New York's loved to let the clutch out,
Telling the entire country
Where to go. (Now *that's* effront'ry.)
From John Brown to Boston busin',
They've gone ape instructing us'n
What to do and how to do it—
Even though we'd rather screw it.
Now they're broke in New York City.
All together, now: Tough titty!

W. H. VON DREELE

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costs. The underlying assumption behind loan guarantees is that bad credit risks can or should get unlimited credit at low interest rates, that more city borrowing does not mean less borrowing for productive purposes, and that risks disappear when absorbed by federal taxpayers. From this sort of contorted reasoning, it follows that, as Governor Carey put it, a loan guarantee doesn't cost anybody anything.

New York's infamous municipal unions are sure to make a joke out of any of the conditions attached to a federal bailout, thus getting the lion's share of any money raised. A default by the city is dishonorable, but realistic. A reasonable policy would make it impossible for the city to keep borrowing more and more money without making fundamental fiscal reforms, including defusing the time bomb in city pension plans.

Only the harsh reality of running out of money is apt to bring about the cooperation of the municipal unions, without whom all those tidy plans are just so much paper and ink.

Kissinger v. Schlesinger

Elsewhere (see "Capital Issues," p. 1287 and "For the Record," p. 1274), the various strands of Mr. Ford's Sunday morning massacre are analyzed. But beyond the policy details in dispute among various contending officeholders, beyond the Byzantine intrigues around the Oval Office, and beyond the severe damage done to the Ford candidacy by these untoward events, there looms an enormous, indeed a transcendent, issue.

In his press conference after the hugger-mugger, President Ford said that "no basic differences" existed between Secretary of State Kissinger and Secretary of Defense Schlesinger as regards "detente." The opposite is true. Basic differences do exist, and they are momentous. Kissinger and Schlesinger possess entirely different attitudes toward our present situation.

Secretary of State Kissinger is a pessimist. This may well be a matter of personal temperament, but his pessimism was certainly deepened by his experience during those final months when Vietnam fell apart. In Kissinger's view the United States—and the West—lacks the will to stay the course in the face of the relentless Soviet military buildup and drive for global dominance. He believes that the opinion shapers in the academy, the media, and the business elite are "corrupt" in the classic sense: they place short-term interest and ideological superstition before the general good—before, in fact, survival.

In his memoir of the Nixon Administration, former speechwriter William Safire (admittedly no friend of Kissinger) records that Kissinger frequently tried to get President Nixon to read Spengler's *Decline of the West*.

Although Kissinger does not publicly accept Spengler's conclusions as fully articulated there, he often behaves as if he did. Kissinger knows as much as Schlesinger about the unfavorably shifting balance of power. He does not appear to think that much can be done about it. He is not willing to speak out bluntly, perhaps because of his deeply pessimistic assumptions. He is willing to enter into asymmetrical deals with the Soviets because he does not believe that anything better can be done. That is the *meaning*, as everyone sensed, of his abject behavior in the rebuff to Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn. All that Kissinger appears to believe can be done is delay the day of reckoning through agile maneuvering plus huge periodic payoffs.

The Chinese, indeed, perceive all this. That is why Kissinger ran into an icy critique of detente during his recent trip to Peking. The Chinese want a counterweight to Soviet power, not a cloud of *Schmerz*.

James Schlesinger also knows about the shifting balance of power—backfire bombers, naval construction, research and development, tank production, and all the rest of it. He, like Kissinger, is aware of our current malaise. But he thinks it may, just possibly, be worth-

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while to speak out about it, unfashionable though that may be. What Kissinger may think to be irreversible, Schlesinger thinks might be reversed. That is why he was fired—even though the President, in his Rotarian optimism, doesn't know it—and that is why his departure is bad news for all of us.

Coping

It reads like a spoof—the findings of the U.S. Office of Education on the ability of Americans to cope with life. Twenty per cent of all Americans, the study claims, lack the basic know-how necessary to function in our society. Horrors! But what is basic know-how? Knowing what a sign saying "We Are an Equal Opportunity Employer" means. Being able to address an envelope well enough so the Post Office can deliver it. Remembering that normal body temperature is 98.6°. Being able to choose the best buy among three boxes of cereal, and to compute the paycheck for someone who works 43 hours a week at $2 for 40 hours and half again as much for three. Reminds us of the E. B. White story about a boy whose teacher asked him: If a man can walk four miles in one hour, how far will he have walked in four hours? Well, replied the lad, that depends on whether he gets blisters on his feet, or stops to look at some insects, or just gets tired and decides to rest for the afternoon.

Who can compute his paycheck, given the need to subtract FICA, Christmas Club, and other incomputable taxes? How quickly can you figure out which is the better buy: 12 ounces for 47 cents, 23 for 87 cents, or 32 for $1.12—and if it's the biggest box, can you carry it home with you? Does it matter how well you address your mail? It may not get there anyway. Another test was reading an airline schedule—but even the airline ladies get that confused.

Yes, the study reads like a joke—though a less expensive joke than the ones played on us by a number of other federal agencies.

Gulag 1975

Authorities in the Soviet Republic of Georgia are embarked on a campaign to exterminate corruption. A campaign of some magnitude. Since 1972, according to one report, over 25,000 people have been arrested: 17,000 were members of either the Communist Party or the Young Communist League; about seventy were employees of the police or the KGB.

When the Soviet underground's *Chronicle of Current Events* first received documents reporting on the Georgian campaign against corruption, it considered them "monstrous to the point of improbability" and declined to publish them. Further evidence convinced the editors of the documents' accuracy. On November 2 the London *Sunday Times* carried an article on the Georgian corruption drive that included chilling excerpts from the *Chronicle of Current Events*.

In March of 1973, Karlo Tsulaya, a Soviet official, was arrested for accepting a bribe. At his trial he testified that his interrogator (who also happened to be his cellmate), Yuri Tsirekidze, "beat me up so severely that for several hours I lost consciousness and they had to call doctors to revive me. Then I was jabbed with sharp iron rods and hit over the head with a chair. Lighted cigarettes were extinguished on the skin of my arms. Tsirekidze swore I would be killed if I did not sign testimony that would incriminate me. . . . I lost consciousness for two to three hours. Doctors revived me and the beatings continued. Tsirekidze sat down beside me, named my closest relatives and described their appearance, even reeled off their telephone numbers. He said my wife and eight-year-old daughter would be raped if I did not give the right testimony. I became convinced that they would actually do this, and therefore at last I agreed."

Tsulaya was sentenced to ten years in jail.

On October 27, 1973, N. Y. Ismailov, a prisoner, died on the floor of his cell. Eighteen months after his death, Tsirekidze and an assistant, Valiko Usupyan, were put on trial for murdering Ismailov. In explaining the 18-month delay, the *Chronicle* reports that the authorities' drive on corruption had gotten out of hand—it was uncovering corruption at the highest levels of government. Things weren't supposed to go this far. In the hope of distracting the public's attention, Tsirekidze, a valued torturer, had to be sacrificed.

The *Chronicle* reports that Tsirekidze did not go down without a fight. He told the court: "I had destroyed the careers of thousands of people. I had saved the careers of so many officials. I have recovered twenty million rubles for the state from prisoners. I should be a general by now and have eight cars and a separate home of my own." "You're lying, you bastard," said the judge. "You robbed honest citizens. There is no room for you in

Dropping Schlesinger

It's not like when the Kaiser
  Let Bismarck go *kerplunk*;
Nor is it like when Henry
  Told Wolsey he was sunk.
It's silly to compare it
  With Caesar getting stabbed,
Or Danny Deever hanging
  When some informer blabbed.
We mustn't overdo it:
  The ship of state still floats.
But who's around for ballast
  When Kissinger emotes?

W. H. von Dreele

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our society. You need to be put away." Tsirekidze: "It's not easy to put me away." Judge: "Our troops destroyed 500 divisions [in the war]. Who do you think you are?" Tsirekidze: "They write in the papers about Chile, but here even worse things are happening."

The *Chronicle* called the trial a "farce staged so as to whitewash the Interior Ministry in the eyes of the public and to safeguard" the rulers of Georgia. While Tsirekidze and his assistant were convicted of murder, they received only six years of hard labor, an exceedingly light sentence in a country that sentences to death people caught stealing bread. Throughout this summer and fall, the authorities turned their attention to more normal targets: the human rights movement in Georgia. The *Chronicle* story is a first; the authorities intend to make sure there will not be a second.

The Last Kid

Garry Wills has accused us of racism yet again, this time "civilized racism," which is of course "the very worst kind." To judge by Garry's recent behavior, civilized *anything* is the very worst kind. It seems to have started in Chicago in 1968, when he saw the Kids flinging their poop at the cops—and move over, Jane Fonda. His consciousness raised, he wrote a book in homage to his young exemplars, meanwhile dismissing Richard Nixon as "the last liberal." The others have mostly grown up now, but Garry is still out there, flinging away: the last Kid.

An inordinate number of his missiles have been splattering around *NR*, with labels like "fascist," "racist," "genocidal," and all the words that should have gone with Jerry Rubin, wherever he went. Partly it is a matter of ideology; *Nixon Agonistes* and *Bare Ruined Choirs* represent Garry's principled rejection of civility, in favor of the tenebrous verities of the Berriganian "underground."

The embarrassment of his political conversion, preceded as it was by his own eloquent conservatism, may have given him another incentive to excess. Like a man vowing eternal constancy to his fifth wife, he no doubt felt he had to affect a special ardor in his utterances, to show it was the real thing this time. Vileness, on the Left, is the outward and visible sign of "authenticity."

It is strange for a writer to have such an interest in inflating the currency of his own words, and the result of his doing so has been to make his syndicated column, in the words of an article in *The Washington Monthly*, "one of the sloppiest columns in the business." It took a particularly nasty turn last year when William Rusher and William Shockley were to debate at Yale, and were shouted down by some of the audience. Garry applauded this disruption, and intimated that Rusher was a semi-fascist whose views were akin to Shockley's anyway. He managed to tar William Buckley along the way, quoting Buckley's phrase "the psychometric inferiority of Negroes" and turning it into an assertion of inherent Negro inferiority. That *NR* had denounced Shockley as, "in our sober judgment, a nut," did not deter him from linking Shockley with the Right: he did not so much as mention this or any other conservative objections inconvenient to his slurs.

The last two attacks have dwelt on our September 26 issue, in which Jeffrey Hart praised Jean Raspail's *The Camp of the Saints*, and an editorial applied the book's central insight to the problem of busing. That insight may be put thus: "Legal evasions, constitutional fantasies, the ingenuities of bad conscience must not override the deepest instincts of self-preservation which, in societies as in the individuals who make them up, are the foundation for every other good thing." These are the words of Garry Wills 1964; the same sentiment is derided by Garry Wills 1975 as the "high-minded genocidal instinct." Garry ignores all the qualifications of both pieces, and by a typical use of his exegetical sleight-of-hand actually makes it appear that *NR* applauded the violence we in fact condemned, and that our position is that blacks should be confined to ghettos.

That he does not mention, or attempt to answer, any of the serious points raised in either piece; that he resolves the whole race issue with thumbnail sketches of Original Sin, historical debt, and the individualist heresy he gratuitously imputes to us; these are secondary. What is notable is the virulence of his vendetta against *NR*, which admittedly has taken him lightly of late, and the freedom with which he advances his smears. We have called attention to his polemical manners before; it now looks as if he has simply resolved to show defiance where he can make no defense.

Francisco Franco

[*As we go to press, General Franco is still, technically, alive.*—Ed.]

He was a vigorous 65 years old, thrusting elbows out against the constraints of his tweed shooting jacket as he limbered up for one of his favorite sports, slapping the stock of his side-by-side shotgun to shoulder and cheek, listening to the hallooing of the beaters less than a kilometer off as he waited for the delta-winged hordes of redlegged partridges that soon would be bombarding his butt.

The then Conde de Quintanilla, Luis Figueroa, grandson of the great liberal Count of Romanones, had been assigned a butt close to the Caudillo. A transistor radio gave out its harsh mixture of flamenco caterwauls, soap ads, and spot news. Suddenly, Quintanilla's attention was claimed.

He listened. He glanced at the other butt. One did not interrupt the Most General at moments such as these for frivolous reasons. But he propped his gun against the side of his blind and walked over.

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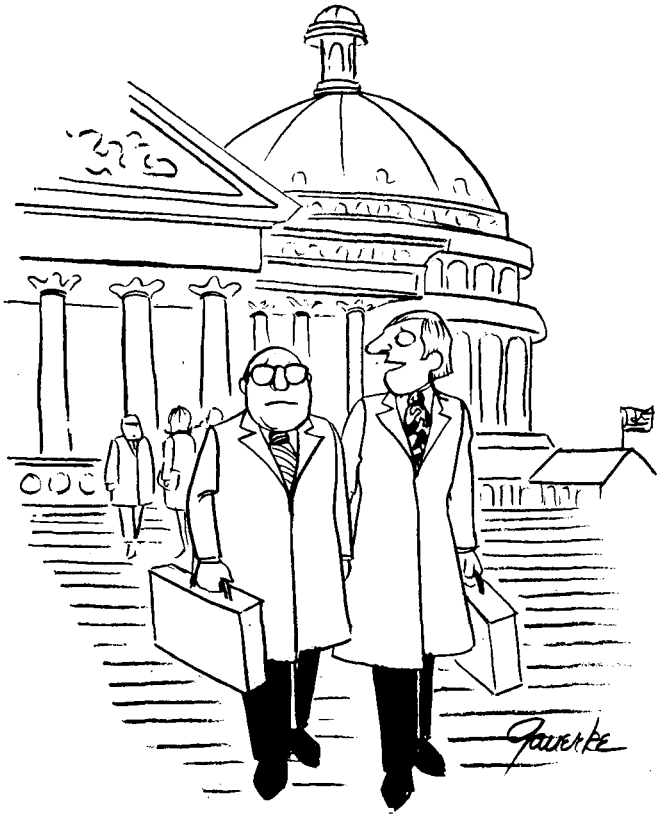

"I'll tell you why I voted against congressional pay hikes. They're making me ineligible for food stamps."

"*Mi general*," he said, upon reaching Franco's side, "the radio reports that Havana has fallen and Batista is believed to be dead."

Franco continued cocking stock to shoulder, expressionless. replying mildly in his thin, high, nasal voice, "*Siempre lo he dicho, estos dictadores acabarán mal.*" ("I've always said these dictators will come to a bad end.")

Thus he viewed himself. Not as a dictator of Spain (which he was), and not as the ogre of left-wing myth (which he was not), but as the sometimes necessarily stern but always benevolent father of that great mob of unruly and capricious and grand and wonderful but often irresponsible pack of children who were his countrymen, children who back in the 1930s had got themselves in a very bad way, who because of their lack of discipline and their forgetfulness of the real values of True Spain—the great Christian monarchical Spain of the period of the Conquests—had nearly succumbed to the horrors of anarchism and Communism; they had nearly brought about the destruction of the beloved fatherland that he, Francisco Franco Bahamonde, had been designated by Almighty God to save, bring back to sanity (harshly sometimes, suasively at other times), and lead into a better future with all the great values and traditions restored and with the children finally grown up.

Much of the world viewed him differently, misunderstanding him, even detesting him; and he stayed on too long, as dictators will. But he *did* save Spain in her greatest crisis; history will attest to that. He did devote his life to his country with singleminded patriotism; few can deny that. He sought earnestly, according to his lights, to do good. He attempted through his Organic Law of 1967 to establish a constitutional structure for the future—fashioned to his taste, let us admit, but also rooted in Spanish political traditions, and susceptible to the sorely needed and long overdue liberalization that pray God his successors will achieve without internecine strife. Franco committed many errors over his 38 years of unchallenged rule, the biggest one being that he could not bring himself to relinquish power eight years ago, when he rammed through his Organic Law, and gave Don Juan Carlos, the prince and heir, the opportunity to take the helm, set the new machinery of government going, with Franco still in good health and with his great prestige intact there in the background to tide the young man over shoal waters. The Caudillo's major error. But he did midwife his country into the twentieth century. He promoted and oversaw the birth of a prosperous middle class, the first Spain has had. He stopped the bloodletting that for over a century and a quarter had vitiated Spanish energies. He brought to Spain nearly forty years of peace and stability, against which one has to tally political stagnation and repression. Not a lovable person, humorless, sometimes ruthless, often cold, on occasion obtuse, narrow, and provincial, pint-sized, potbellied, and phlegmatic to the degree that one doubted a drop of Spanish blood ran in him, he was nevertheless a Spaniard out of the heroic annals of the nation, a giant. He will be truly mourned by Spain because with all his heart and might and soul, he loved his country and, in the vast context of Spanish history, did well by it.

—F. R. BUCKLEY

Notes & Asides

■ Max Frankel
Sunday Editor
The *New York Times*

Dear Max:

Thanks for your note. . . . By the way, the misprint in my review in the current issue threatens my reputation. Will your obituary in due course refer to the departure from the scene of a renowned photographer?

Cordially,
Bill

Dear Bill:

I always knew your reputation would finally be your

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undoing. The order here is not to "fiddle" with your copy. Therefore, when you wrote in the recent review of Dick Reeves that Ford's "public support when down," it was assumed by no fewer than 14 copyreaders that you were supplying some special stylistic touch and a most pregnant interpretation.

So you see we were guilty of nothing more than hero-worship, of which we would, of course, be delighted to be disabused.

Any other problems?

Best,
Max

Mr. Max Frankel
The *New York Times*

Dear Mr. Frankel:

The late Mr. Buckley, before defenestrating, desired me to communicate to you that he when out fighting.

Yours truly,
Frances Bronson,
Sec'y

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

As I was browsing through an old (c. 1930) fourth-year Latin text I recently bought second-hand, I came across the following, and could not help thinking of my favorite magazine: "Nothing adds spice to conversation like the use of apt quotations. In memorizing the following Latin phrases, try to picture a conversational situation where each might be fittingly used. Then watch for such an occasion and when it arises use the quotation. Just think of the various occasions where you could appropriately quote: 'Dux femina facti' or 'O terque quaterque beati!' "

Just think!

Ave atque vale,
Bob Tilliard
Cambridge, Mass.

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I enjoyed, as usual, your show the other night with Mrs. Thatcher. Unfortunately, she corrected you on a point she was herself in error about. A graduate of Cambridge University is neither a Cambridgian (yourself, no reason why you should know) nor a Cantabrian (Mrs. Thatcher's stab) but a Cantabrigian.

Yours truly,
Joseph Hold
Bayside, N.Y.

Dear Mr. Hold: On the other hand, come to think of it, there are lots of reasons why I should know: I've been there maybe forty times. Beginning before there was any such thing as a she-Cantabrigian. Penitently, WFB

■ Bill:

Garry Wills, that intrepid investigative journalist, has caught me [in the review of Raspail, Sept. 26; see the editorial above, "The Last Kid"]. In subsequent revelations he will disclose that beneath my ordinary attire I normally wear a BROWN SHIRT, and that I speak in BEER HALLS, and that with a small group of zealous adherents I conduct DRILLS and PARAMILITARY OPERATIONS on Thursday afternoons. To cap it all off, he will reveal that my desk lamp is equipped with a shade that may be parchment of some sort but is very probably HUMAN SKIN, and, worse still, indeed unforgivable, that that skin is NOT WHITE. This fact is conclusive proof of RACISM, for which offense the appropriate punishment will be imposed by a People's Court, viz., they will cancel my subscription to *The New York Review of Books*.

In guilt,
Jeff [Hart]

Transylvania-on-Hudson

In Pocantico, where the ancient hills
Roll ominously to the Hudson's shore,
The Rockefellers scribble codicils
While ravens croak above a creaking door.
It's autumn and the west wind whispers, *Gore*,
As moonlight limns the meadows and the moor.
Meanwhile, from coffins on the cellar floor,
The old ones plot a gustatory tour.
In Tarrytown and Ossining, the poor
Hang garlic high above the entrance way.
The rich illuminate each aperture,
While all anticipate the light of day.
Though Rockefeller's giving up as Veep,
He still has miles to go while people sleep.

W. H. VON DREELE

■ ICS IPMRNCZ CSP
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0209P EST

MR WILLIAM F BUCKLEY
150 EAST 35 ST
NEW YORK NY 10016

DEAR BILL:
THE WORLD NEEDS A SMART MAN. YOU'RE ONE. PLEASE RUN FOR PRESIDENT.

JACK BUNCH
SIERRA MADRE CA

14:09 EST
MGMNYBT HSB

DEAR MR BUNCH: OKAY. PLEASE SEND RUNNING MATE.
CORDIALLY —WFB

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Spasms

BELIEVE IT OR NOT, President Ford's "reorganization" of his "team" (or "my guys," as he calls them) was supposed to be a convincing demonstration of Mr. Ford's sure touch at the helm, a conspicuous example of decisiveness, a display that would stem the surging tide of doubts about his presidential stature, doubts that increased during the recent months he spent as a tourist in his native land. Instead it began when *Newsweek* got wind of the gathering storm, and it quickly became another instance of government by spasm, another example of politics as demolition derby.

It reached a climax of sorts about fifty hours later when Mr. Ford held a press conference the transcript of which should be required reading for Americans who wonder why most Americans feel as they do about politicians. A fair sample of it is this:

Q: Mr. President, there are reports . . . that Secretary Schlesinger was in conflict with your attitude on detente, and with Secretary Kissinger's. . . .

A: There were no basic differences . . .

Mr. Ford was not telling the truth. In fact, he wasn't telling anything about why he really did what he did.

What he did produced winners and losers. The winners include Kissinger, Donald Rumsfeld, the Soviet delegation at the Strategic Arms Limitation Talks, and—if Mr. Ford gets the Republican nomination—whoever gets the Democratic nomination. The losers include the American SALT delegation and, as usual, the American people.

The least important facet of the turmoil was Nelson Rockefeller's renunciation of all interest in the Vice Presidency. Was he pushed or did he jump? Actually, he walked the plank as willingly as anyone would, knowing that sharp swords were held behind him by men anxious to give him encouraging prods. There never was a significant likelihood that the American people would be asked to select a Vice President who would be 68 on Inauguration Day. Years ago Rockefeller lost his not very significant status as leader of liberal Republicans. Worse, he is a man with a clear public record —as the dominant politician in the State of New York for 15 years. No one wants to celebrate his record in New York.

Unfortunately for Schlesinger, Mr. Ford has tried to exploit the almost obsessive preoccupation of Republican conservatives with the Vice Presidency in general and with Rockefeller in particular. He has thrown the body of Rockefeller to conservatives at this time in the hope that it will distract them from or compensate them for the firing of Schlesinger. Mr. Ford will get away with it if conservatives are indeed, as they often seem to be, more concerned with symbols than with substance. Rockefeller had scant opportunity for independent mischief, and he was doomed anyway. Schlesinger was the only senior official willing and able to contest Kissinger's approach to detente.

KISSINGER HAS a notorious dislike for personal confrontations. He can not abide being disagreed with in meetings, or elsewhere. He has successfully insulated himself from dissent in the State Department: in-house skeptics have become distant ambassadors. Now he and Mr. Ford will be insulated from Schlesinger's tart skepticism in Cabinet and National Security Council meetings. The depressing and dismaying fact about the purging of Schlesinger is that his sin was *not* aggressive public dissent in the form of media leaks. He never really tried to master the public relations gimmickry that Kissinger uses so adroitly. Rather, Schlesinger's sin was offering dissenting advice *within the council of government.* He opposed what he considered the irresponsible tactic of giving sophisticated American weapons—some of them in short supply—to other nations in order to secure diplomatic agreements. Thus he opposed giving Pershing missiles to Israel, arguing that they would have to come out of an inadequate U.S. inventory. He advised against the gift of nuclear technology to Egypt, arguing that the so-called safeguards are nothing of the sort.

It has been apparent for some while that Kissinger is not the sort of large and confident man who enjoys competition from substantial men like Schlesinger. Now we have reason to believe that Mr. Ford feels comfortable only when he is fed pre-digested policy.

SCHLESINGER'S most important dissenting advice concerned what he considers an excessively compliant U.S. posture at the SALT talks. Recently he had been the target of violent attacks in the Soviet press, including many dark hints that the future of detente depended on the triumph of the forces of American light over the forces of Schlesingerian darkness. The firing of Schlesinger is an unambiguous signal to the Soviet SALT delegation regarding arms negotiations: American officials who do not bend are broken.

Schlesinger's successor, Rumsfeld, is gifted at the bureaucratic maneuvering that has helped make Kissinger untouchable. But it is not clear that Rumsfeld has any ideas that he feels strongly enough about to fight for with the skills at his command. Rumsfeld hopes that being Defense Secretary will help him become Vice President, and then President. Another vice presidential candidate is Elliot Richardson, back from the embassy in London to take on the undemanding job of Secretary of Commerce. His presence in Washington will be some solace to liberal Republicans who mourn the loss of Rockefeller, and who think Richardson is a liberal, and who think the Commerce Department matters. In fact, there are now about 500 Republican politicians who, in the dead of night, hear the call of the Vice Presidency. Encouraging such delusions will be a significant part of Mr. Ford's strategy as he campaigns for the Republican nomination.

Meanwhile, Mr. Ford is secure in the company of his guys. But the Big Guy is still Kissinger. And now more than ever there are grounds for wondering if Mr. Ford is his own guy. □

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Spain Minus Franco

The Protracted Conflict

JAMES BURNHAM

Francisco Franco was our century's most successful ruler. Haile Selassie—alone—beat Franco in length of reign, but Haile Selassie ruled a country that was fifth-rate when he started and sixth-rate, heading down, when he finished or, rather, was finished.

Franco was not particularly intelligent—at military academy he graduated 251st in a class of 312. His personal appearance and voice were unimpressive; he had none of the charisma that has marked the spectacular leaders of the past hundred years. But he outstayed all his great contemporaries, friend and enemy: Hitler, Mussolini, Stalin, Churchill, Eisenhower, de Gaulle. A lead article in the solidly anti-Franco *Express*, searching for explanation, summed up its estimate: ". . . a patient stubbornness, a flawless prudence, and an unshakable faith in his mission. A policy that aimed, before anything else, to preserve and to endure. . . . Not a trace of sadism or cruelty. No sudden inspirations, no passion. But a pitiless coldness and a crushing certitude. Before coming to a decision he meditated before a portable Blessed Sacrament, which always accompanied him, and a mummified hand of Saint Theresa, a relic found in the abandoned luggage of a Republican colonel. Thereafter, no further doubt. 'I, Francisco Franco Bahamonde, Caudillo of Spain, conscious of my responsibility before God and before history . . .' And, besides all the rest, luck."

Franco commanded the winning side in a ferocious civil war, and thereafter kept his country at peace. In spite of the vast promises (of, among much else, Morocco) and dire threats of those who had helped him win his war at home, and the pressures from many of his companions, Franco held Spain aloof from World War II. ("The contemptible ingrate! the coward!" Ribbentrop raged.) Under his postwar rule Spain transformed itself from an impoverished, underdeveloped, backward country into a modern industrial state. From the late 1950s to 1974, the average annual per capita income rose from $300 to $2,000. Illiteracy has been halved. I first visited Spain, for several months, in 1949. Much of the country was still visibly in the donkey era. Our small English car was the first car ever seen in many of the villages and towns we drove through, and we, often enough, the first Americans. You seldom saw a tractor in the fields. There were no modern factories. Spain's economic development has by now moved up to about five years behind France's.

If I Go, Who Remains?

The range of Franco's prudence did not extend beyond his own life span. As he aged, he, too, succumbed to the syndrome that Karl Wittfogel named "the megalomania of the ageing despot." He, too, like all the others, could not bring himself to give up power voluntarily at the fitting time, or to prepare adequately for the succession.

The shift would have seemed altogether natural in 1974, since during the course of Franco's grave illness Prince Juan Carlos had been acting as chief of state. That time was by many degrees more auspicious than today. Economic recession had not yet hit Spain severely, as it did during the year just past. The level of the terrorist operations was much lower than now. Portugal was still short of chaos. There would have been more than a year for a slower transition, with the retired and new chiefs of state serving to symbolize the combination of continuity and change that holds most promise for Spain's future.

Everyone, outside as in Spain, has long recognized that with the exit of Franco, however it took place, the regime was going to confront a formidable array of basic political and social problems. This fact is sufficient proof of how fundamentally Spain's regime under Franco has differed from genuine totalitarian regimes like Hitler's Reich or the established Communist states. Under a consolidated totalitarian regime, succession can pose problems of personal conflict and, sometimes, disputes over specific current policies, but does not raise issues involving the essential nature of the regime. It is precisely because Spain's regime under Franco, though authoritarian in its political dimension, was in so many aspects non-totalitarian that, on Franco's departure, it confronts a systemic crisis. The whole concept of "fascism," for that matter, has been a fraud from the beginning. Like "peaceful coexistence" and "detente," it is a tactical invention of the Soviet Agitprop, and boils down in practice to the simple definition: fascism is any regime that outlaws Communism.

Even as ageing despot, Franco did at least—and this is more than most of his peers—arrange the unambiguous designation of the one who would follow him as chief of state. Not exactly as "successor," since Prince (and King about-to-be) Juan Carlos was named as chief of state only, not head of government. His office is not planned to be purely ceremonial in the Swedish or Dutch mode.

Are Kings Possible?

There is, I think, a general underestimation of Juan Carlos. It is fatuous to dismiss him, as much of the media has been doing, as politically trivial because too much a "sportsman." From time immemorial there have been many more successful rulers noted for excellence at sports than at scholarship. Juan Carlos is also excellent at languages—virtually perfect in English and French as well as Spanish. He completed genuine, not merely cosmetic, officer's training in the Army, Navy, and Air Force, and has a much more than amateur interest in strategy and geopolitics. A few years ago I had, as it chanced, a lengthy private conversation with Juan Carlos at his Zarzuela palace. He is "serious" in the French sense, trained deliberately from the age of ten for the job he now takes over. What is very important, he has no illusions. Therefore he understands that he and his government will also be denounced as fascist if he does not legalize the Communist Party, and that he and Spain will be wrecked if he does. That is no doubt why the Communists, with the Socialists tagging behind, have made him the primary target in the opening phase of their campaign to turn Spain into another Portugal. □

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APOLLO-SOYUZ

Like a political novice challenging the entrenched incumbent to a debate, the Soviets snuggled their relatively primitive space program up to the Americans'—and came away looking positively equal

Who's Detenting Whom?

MICHAEL S. KELLY

NOW THAT THE DUST has settled around the Apollo-Soyuz Test Project (ASTP), it is time to take a good look at it, and see how well—or how poorly—the American taxpayers' $250 million has been spent.

First off, it should be emphasized that the events surrounding the mission belied a remark made by some NASA official long ago, that the mission was only "20 per cent political," the rest scientific and technical. If one were asked what seemed to receive most of the attention during the ASTP flight, one would most certainly have to say that it was politics. More specifically, the Apollo-Soyuz mission was mainly a *show*, put on for the American people and the peoples of all other nations—save Russia.

The show began on July 15, with the launch of a Soyuz/SL-4 combination from the Soviet launch center at Tyuratam. For years, the Soviets had called this the Baikanur Cosmodrome, and the American press continued to do so despite the fact that there is no launch center at Baikanur; it is 200 miles from there, at Tyuratam. We, by the same token, could call Kennedy Space Center our "Miami Launch Facility."

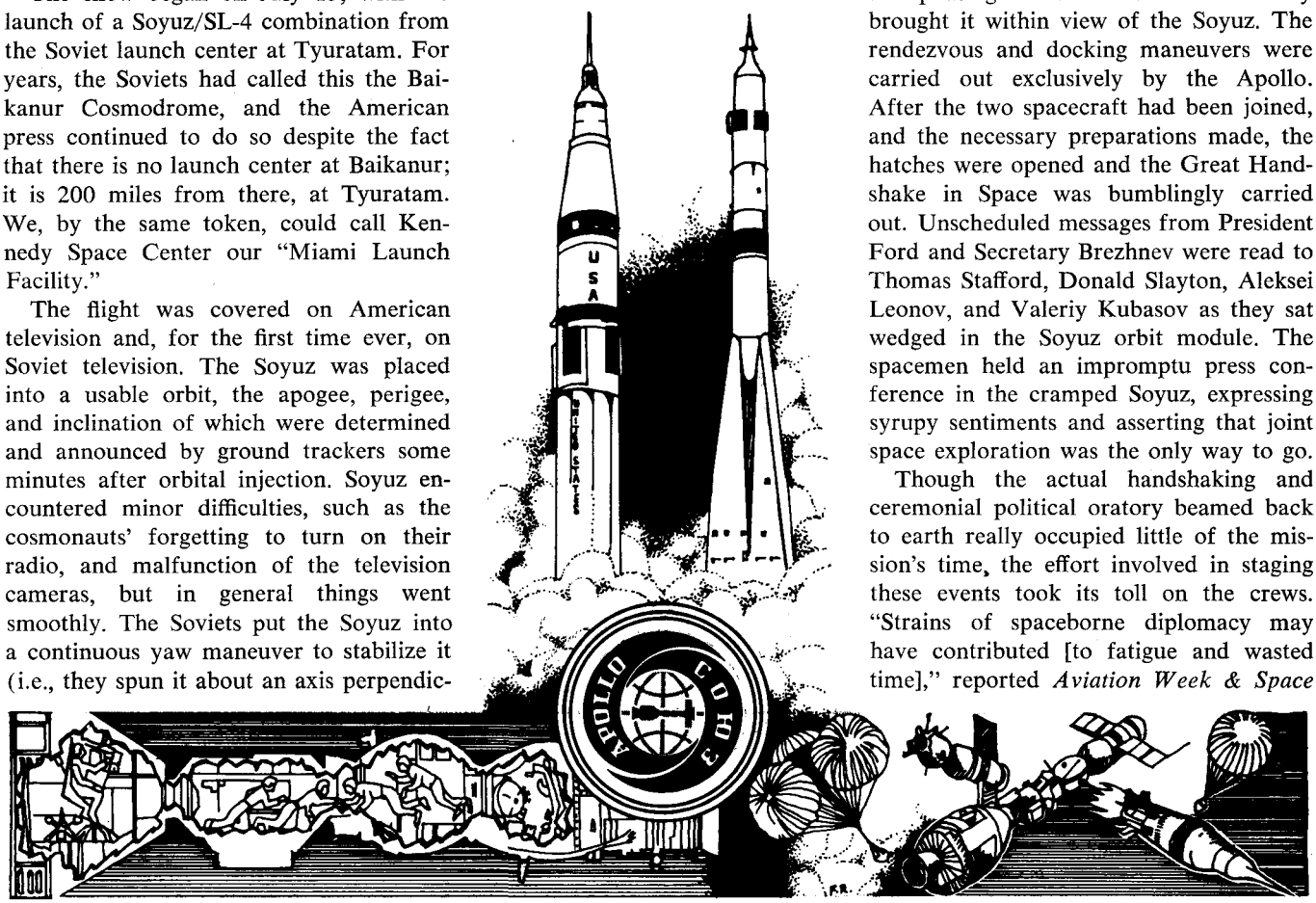
The flight was covered on American television and, for the first time ever, on Soviet television. The Soyuz was placed into a usable orbit, the apogee, perigee, and inclination of which were determined and announced by ground trackers some minutes after orbital injection. Soyuz encountered minor difficulties, such as the cosmonauts' forgetting to turn on their radio, and malfunction of the television cameras, but in general things went smoothly. The Soviets put the Soyuz into a continuous yaw maneuver to stabilize it (i.e., they spun it about an axis perpendicular to the solar panels and on a line with the sun), and sat back to wait for the Apollo.

Launch of the Apollo-Saturn IB came later that day. Figures for apogee and perigee of the craft's orbit were called out seconds after the booster had shut down, not by ground trackers or controllers, but by Vance Brand, who had read the data off the Apollo's onboard guidance computer. The ground thanked him, and said that they would check it out themselves.

The Apollo also met with some minor difficulties, such as the apparent malfunction of the inadvertently overloaded waste system, but things went well overall.

The Apollo then began a series of orbit circularization and phasing maneuvers which eventually brought it within view of the Soyuz. The rendezvous and docking maneuvers were carried out exclusively by the Apollo. After the two spacecraft had been joined, and the necessary preparations made, the hatches were opened and the Great Handshake in Space was bumblingly carried out. Unscheduled messages from President Ford and Secretary Brezhnev were read to Thomas Stafford, Donald Slayton, Aleksei Leonov, and Valeriy Kubasov as they sat wedged in the Soyuz orbit module. The spacemen held an impromptu press conference in the cramped Soyuz, expressing syrupy sentiments and asserting that joint space exploration was the only way to go.

Though the actual handshaking and ceremonial political oratory beamed back to earth really occupied little of the mission's time, the effort involved in staging these events took its toll on the crews. "Strains of spaceborne diplomacy may have contributed [to fatigue and wasted time]," reported *Aviation Week & Space*



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Technology, "but the real cause was the innumerable tasks of stowage and unstowage, unmounting and remounting of television cameras—a raft of picayune detail involved in just moving around that never appeared on the TV screens on the ground, but contributed to crew work-load and fatigue."

Later in the mission, the craft undocked, and the Apollo performed delicate fly-around maneuvers around the Soyuz for experimental purposes. The American crew exhibited great skill at handling the Apollo, and again confirmed the importance of the man/machine interface in space operations.

The complete lack of critical analysis of this mission, from conception to completion, represented a serious lapse of integrity on the part of the American media

There was also a second docking exercise, in which the Soyuz was the "active" spacecraft. This involved the Soyuz releasing its docking latches during separation, and activating them during re-docking. The Apollo carried out all maneuvers during this exercise, because the Soyuz was incapable of doing so. This was certainly a legitimate experiment, since the Soviets had to verify their docking mechanism, too; but it led to the general impression that the Soyuz had actually done something major during the mission, when it had not.

Two experiments were carried out during the fly-around. One was the photographing of an artificial solar eclipse, produced by interposing the Apollo between the sun and the Soyuz. The cosmonauts took the photographs, using American film given them by the astronauts during docking. The Apollo crew then tested the ultraviolet absorption of tenuous space gases by bouncing a beam of ultraviolet light off a reflector on the Soyuz. Only one other experiment took place which could be called a joint effort. This was a materials experiment conducted during the docked phase. The Soviets handed the Americans an ampule containing a test material, which was then placed in a furnace on the docking module, heated, and returned to the Soviets for transport to earth.

This experiment took precedence over another "science" activity, the melting together of lead and gold from both countries in the materials furnace. "The uniform mixing of unlike materials in space," said NASA, "will create a new substance which symbolizes the success people and nations have found in putting aside their differences to work together in space." This symbolic experiment was dropped because of cooling problems with the furnace, and only the real experiment was carried out.

"There was little in the way of U.S. science or flight activity that could not have been done better and easier in a Skylab orbital workshop," commented *Aviation Week*. The only real scientific work was done after the joint phase of the mission was over. Then the American crew spent 16 to 17 hours a day trying to keep up with a jammed experimental schedule. "Jamming the schedule was deliberate," according to *Aviation Week*, "an effort by both NASA and the experimenters to produce tangible science and technology to go with intangible international well-wishing."

Then, finally, the last Apollo mission ended—but not without mishap. Because of an oversight on the part of the crew, toxic gases were sucked from an attitude control thruster into the spacecraft cabin after it had re-entered the atmosphere. The gases were of a corrosive nature, and the crew had to be hospitalized for a period of time for observation. No permanent disability resulted.

No major mishap occurred on the flight itself, because of the extraordinary care taken by NASA and by the Soviet space agency in the planning stages. The ASTP was a show, and it had to look good. NASA made sure that American equipment carried the critical burdens, and the Soviets, according to the CIA, carried out preparations "more extensive and thorough than for any previous Soviet mission." This understates Soviet ardor somewhat; if they had thought it would improve their vehicle's chances of working properly, the Soviets probably would have licked it clean from base to nose.

The Apollo spacecraft carried the entire burden of maneuvering and of attitude control in the docked configuration. An American satellite, the ATS-6, handled communications from both of the linked craft. The Saturn IB handled the task of lifting the American-made docking module into orbit. American-made radio-ranging equipment was installed on the Soyuz to guide the Apollo in for the rendezvous. The Soviets used American cameras and film in some cases, because their own were inadequate in many respects. There were few, if any, experiments which required the presence of a Soviet spacecraft or crew. If this was supposed to be a *joint* mission, then it most certainly was a joint *political* mission, for there was little international technical participation.

This, in fact, is what it was. And in its course, the American people were treated to one of the biggest Big Lies ever to come along. The lie had two themes: 1) the Soviets aren't such bad guys after all; and 2) the Soviets have a fairly decent space program and, therefore, must be quite technically competent.

THAT THE FIRST THEME was being actively, intentionally pushed was demonstrated by NASA's characterization of the Soviet crew on the mission's crew patch. The NASA cartoonist had chosen a cute little teddy bear to symbolize the representatives of the country that invented concentration camps, slaughtered over twenty million of its own people, and combines modern industry and barbaric torture. Was NASA, by some incredible oversight, unaware of this side of its ASTP partner? The answer was given by a member of the American crew: "We don't discuss politics [with the Soviet crew]."

The news media participated heavily in spreading this first part of the lie. Editorial writers hailed the mission as a "symbiotic relationship" between capitalism and Communism, an historic first step toward the opening of space to all mankind. Some passively ignored the fact that the Soviet Union is in many ways worse than Nazi Germany;

Mr. Kelly is now doing graduate work in Mechanical Engineering at Purdue University.

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others boldly cited our "differences," then said that these should not stand in the way of a "warm relationship."

The complete lack of critical analysis of this mission, from conception to completion, represented a serious lapse of integrity on the part of the American media. With very few exceptions, there was no deviation from the NASA line in any area of media coverage, and some of that coverage was unmistakably biased in favor of the lie.

For example, Jules Bergman of ABC News was approached by a young reporter, a Mr. James Konzak of the *Purdue Engineer*, who had some strong objections to the ASTP. "The mission is wrong," maintained Mr. Konzak, "because it implies a moral sanction of the Soviet Union by the United States." He went on to say that such opposing views should be given more coverage. Mr. Bergman replied, somewhat icily, "Well, you're entitled to your opinion, but I report *fact*, not opinion." That evening, Mr. Bergman's special on the ASTP was aired. In it, he reported the well known "fact" that the ASTP is a very good thing, because it is good for detente.

DURING THE Soyuz launch, one network carried commentary by a former astronaut, who was apparently trying to be as kind to the Soviets as possible by praising the method they used to launch their rocket.

"They held their rocket down until it built up full thrust," he bubbled, "and even *we* didn't do that on some of our earlier missions." Pad holddown allows buildup of full power before takeoff, and a complete automatic check of the rocket's operation to find malfunctions or potential malfunctions before it is too late. The fact is, the Soviet rocket was *not* held down, but took off the instant its thrust exceeded its weight—a rather dangerous practice for a rocket that has no provision for close-to-the-ground abort.

Sometime later Walter Cronkite, apparently carried away by the excitement, suggested that those who consider the Soyuz unsafe were worried about the wrong spacecraft. As proof, he cited the "fact" that the only spacecraft to run into trouble while actually in space was an Apollo (Apollo 13); the Soyuz, he added triumphantly, has flopped only during launch and re-entry. This remark ignored three things. 1) Even NASA admits that failures "during other periods of flight" give some indication of the overall reliability of the Soyuz, which works out to about 74 per cent, compared with a demonstrated 92 per cent rate for the Apollo. 2) The Soyuz has, in fact, had failures while in space. Soyuz 10 was aborted after a still-undisclosed occurrence; according to one Soviet space official, "We were lucky to get the crew back." Some observers also believe that the Soyuz 1 mission was aborted after a failure in space. That flight ended in the death of the pilot, Vladimir Komarov. 3) The Apollo, unlike the Soyuz, has never claimed the lives of any crew during flight.

Some reporters and commentators did point out the limited maneuverability of the Soyuz, but usually in a tone that said: "So what?" No one bothered to mention that the Apollo had such an enormous maneuvering capability that, in the event of a short burn on the second stage of its launch vehicle, it could have dragged the 25,000-pound stage into the proper orbit, *and still completed the basic rendezvous and docking mission.*

Little, if any, mention was made of the fact that the Soyuz carried no onboard computer of any kind, while the Apollo had two: the standard Apollo flight computer (apparently still beyond Soviet capability, though long outdated here), and a backup navigation computer in the form of a Hewlett-Packard HP-65 programmable pocket calculator (available to the general public here, but so far beyond Soviet technology that the USSR could not, until recently, have built even *one* device of similar capability, even if she had devoted her entire industrial capacity to the problem).

Such de-emphasis of the huge gulf existing between American and Soviet technology was galling, to be sure; but at least it was passive, and not quite as rankling as the position taken by NASA. NASA was apparently trying to convince America that the Soviets are *not* technologically backward, and it spared no efforts in its campaign.

The two chief exponents of this view were Captain Chester M. Lee, ASTP Program Director, and Glynn S. Lunney, ASTP Technical Director. Typical of the red herrings these gentlemen drew across the trail was a line repeated over and over, like a magic incantation, to ward off those evil spirits which reminded us that, next to the Apollo, the Soyuz was a pile of junk.

"You can't say that the Soyuz is inferior to the Apollo," the chant went, "because they were designed for different things. The Apollo was designed for lunar missions, and had to be very complex and sophisticated. The Soyuz was designed for earth-orbit missions, and could be less so." One might as well say, "You can't say that a savage's birch-bark canoe is inferior to the *USS Enterprise*. The *Enterprise* was designed to carry aircraft to any point in the world, and had to be very sophisticated. The canoe was only designed to float around in a stagnant swamp, and could be less so."

From 1961 until about 1967, the United States and the Soviet Union were in a "race" to see which one could put men on the moon first. Each taxed her technology to the limit in the production of advanced spacecraft. The Soviets had to drop out of that race, not, as some now suggest, because she thought unmanned lunar exploration a better way to go, but because she proved herself basically incapable of sending men out of earth orbit with any assurance of returning them alive.

The Soviet space program has never been oriented toward scientific study, but instead toward military ends and scoring propaganda points with the world

The point is this: the Soyuz is not relatively backward because it was designed for earth-orbit missions. Instead, earth-orbit missions are the only ones the Soviets undertake because the Soyuz is the best spacecraft they can build. If they had been able to come up with an Apollo, they would have had men on the moon.

The argument is, therefore, specious. But a comparison between the Soyuz and an American craft that *was* designed for earth-orbit missions—the Gemini—is not flattering to the Soyuz. In virtually every respect, the Gemini is superior to the Soyuz. It is of better design and superior capability, and it represents a broader technological base.

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More to the point, the Gemini was obsolete *five months before the Soyuz ever flew.*

Almost as if in anticipation of such a comparison, Mr. Lunney stated that the Soyuz is "*adequate* for [its] mission" (emphasis added). This reporter was offered an essentially identical argument once, by a neo-socialist who was defending the Soviet space program. "But it works," he said.

How well? The Soyuz has a 26 per cent operational failure rate, including two inflight aborts, one probable inflight abort, two dead crews, one crew that was lucky to get back alive, and one launch-abort. Its method of stabilization induces such motion sickness that one crew required several weeks to recover. The Soyuz is far from "excellent" (the word applied to it by Vance Brand of the American ASTP crew), and if one sets one's standards higher than the *occasional* completion of a successful mission, or the safe return of the crew *most* of the time, one could not even call it "adequate."

At the pre-flight press briefing, Mr. Lunney insisted that he had never considered the Soyuz "primitive." But "primitive" is a relative term and, relative to the only available standards of comparison, that is precisely what it is.

IT IS WORTH mentioning that, while Mr. Lunney's views coincided with the official NASA line, other NASA employees did not share his opinions. One young engineer told this reporter some time ago, "We were surprised at how primitive [the Soyuz] is." Another described the Soviet approach as "plain goddam brute-force engineering."

The whole point in establishing whether or not the Soyuz is inferior or backward or what-have-you is not to poke fun at Soviet technology, but to bring it into perspective. In this respect, Apollo-Soyuz was an object lesson of enormous value, in that it gave America a good, clear, unmistakable picture of what areas the Soviets are behind in technically. This should be sufficient to warn us to keep certain types of technological information secret. Unfortunately, Apollo-Soyuz was designed for just the *opposite* purpose.

Last year, this reporter wrote: "One of the objectives of the ASTP is to open the way for technology sharing between the United States and the Soviet Union" (*NR*, Oct. 25, 1974). This statement has been widely misunderstood and distorted, and should be clarified and amplified.

An example of the distortions this remark has suffered comes from NASA's rebuttal to it, which said: "This is not true. Technology transfer has never been an objective of ASTP." This completely ignores two parts of the original statement: the words "open the way," and the context—detente.

During the Sixties, scientists on both sides of the Iron Curtain clamored for greater freedom of scientific exchange between the free and the Communist nations. NASA itself approached the Soviet Union on no fewer than 18 occasions with proposals for various types of joint scientific ventures (each was refused). Businessmen put pressure on political leaders to ease trade restrictions with Iron Curtain countries, which they saw as potentially insatiable buyers of high-technology items. The net effect of all this was to create the unmistakable impression that, at least in the scientific and technological communities, there was a great desire for East to meet West.

This impression was not lost on the authors of the policy of detente. They lumped together all of the pleadings of scientists and businessmen under the heading "Science," and began looking around for some sort of symbolic gesture to show that under the new camaraderie of detente, there certainly *would* be greater scientific and technological cooperation between the U.S. and the Soviet Union.

They did not have to look far. NASA, in its incomprehensible lust for a joint venture with the Soviets, was thinking about the possibility of a docking between an American and a Soviet spacecraft. At first, it considered a Soyuz link with the Skylab, but was informed that the Soyuz could not be launched into that high an orbit. Then the idea of an Apollo link with Salyut was mentioned, and vetoed out-of-hand by the Soviets. Finally, Apollo-Soyuz was dreamed up, and was eventually signed into being at the Moscow Summit.

The relationship of the ASTP to detente cannot be ignored. The ASTP was the *technical portion of detente.* It was designed to show that America and the Soviet Union "*can* work together" and to spur more of this togetherness in the future.

Even NASA recognizes the project's importance to future "cooperation." The closing line of its rebuttal is one that contrasts strikingly with, if not flatly contradicts, the assertion that "technology transfer has never been an objective of ASTP": "[The ASTP] is new, unique, and has never been done before *and could lead to future joint scientific or technological efforts in space or some other field*" (emphasis added, as if it were necessary).

NASA attempts to evade the fact that such joint efforts presuppose technology transfer, saying, "Well, technology transfer is not our *goal*, and we try to avoid it as much as possible." But one does not try to avoid transfer of technology by inviting highly trained observers from an enemy nation into one's most advanced facilities, allowing them to operate and train on one's equipment, and plugging any gaps in their knowledge by eagerly answering their myriad questions. Furthermore, one does not put a lid on the amount and type of information such observers might gain in the future by pointing to these activities and saying, We hope we can do this again, not just in this field, but in others.

SO FAR, what we have lost by way of technology is probably very little. But, to quote Senator William Proxmire, "Any technology drain . . . will result in Soviet military benefits and U.S. losses. The Soviet space effort, unlike ours, is fully integrated with its military operations. For this reason, all future joint missions should be viewed with a great deal of skepticism."

But now that space "cooperation" is a set part of detente, any backing down on joint space efforts by the United States will appear to be a breach of our new-found "friendship." We will come off as villains if we attempt to avoid committing suicide.

Of course, there is no indication that we *will* try to avoid it, and much evidence to suppose that we will not. NASA is trying to stir up Soviet interest in another joint venture, and has said that it will offer to fly Soviet payloads in the shuttle/Spacelab combination (which, according to NASA, does not qualify as a joint activity). The Soviets have shown little or no interest in *scientific* ventures so far; they

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have reacted coolly to NASA proposals of joint soil sample returns from the moon or Mars, and to having cosmonauts flown in the Spacelab (or astronauts in Salyut). But they do seem interested in another joint docking mission.

The lack of scientific interest on the part of the Soviets showed up even during the ASTP. According to *Aviation Week*, "Soviet scientists expressed interest in a number of excellent Apollo-Soyuz joint experiments but were vetoed by political authorities."

The Soviet space program has never been oriented toward scientific study, but instead toward military ends and scoring propaganda points with the world. The launching of even a single SL-4 must be an incredible drain on the inefficient and ill-managed Soviet economy, and it is doubtful if the leaders of that country, knowing that they are incapable of dealing with reality here on earth, are very eager to waste money determining the nature of reality on some other planet.

So it seems that the future of space "cooperation" will be reserved for Apollo-Soyuz-type stunts, in which this country will spend money that could better be used for other types of space flights to grant an unearned legitimacy, both technological and moral, to the Soviets, while giving them an eyeful of our hard-earned technology. Nor are such flights a useful preparation for future joint rescue missions, since the Soviets have not told us *what* they will be flying in the future; indeed, they have not indicated *that* they will be flying anything new at all (save one reference to an improved Salyut, weighing 25 tons instead of the current 19 tons; the Soviets do not, at present, have a booster large enough to place such a payload in orbit). Nor is there any indication that they are *capable* of introducing a new manned spacecraft. The SL-4 booster, able to place up to 16,500 pounds into orbit, is the largest man-rated rocket the Soviets possess. They have apparently been trying to man-rate the SL-12 up-rated Proton for quite some time, without success. The largest rocket they have, the giant Saturn V-class booster which develops ten million pounds of thrust, still has some bugs in it, such as its habit of blowing up. That rocket has never been flown successfully, though it has been under development for at least six (and probably more than ten) years.

The problem the Soviets face with larger rockets is lack of computer control and checkout capability. Our astronauts saw no equipment for such activities at Tyuratam, the Soviet launch center, and it probably is not extensively employed in other areas of Soviet rocketry.

Lacking the ability to check over their boosters with computers before launch, and being unable to determine the exact nature of malfunctions occurring in flight, the Soviets have a hard time getting the bugs out of their rockets. It is possible to fly smaller rockets with fair reliability in the absence of computers, but it becomes more difficult as size increases, and is probably impossible beyond a certain point.

Without larger man-rated boosters, the Soviets will not be able to introduce a spacecraft with much more maneuverability or habitable volume (the two factors determining a craft's usefulness in space rescue) than the Soyuz. When they *do* come up with a heavier, more maneuverable craft than Soyuz, carried by a larger booster, it will be a clear, unequivocal sign that they have begun to master computer control of missiles—something that applies to their ICBM program as well, and is therefore an event to be dreaded, not eagerly awaited.

Since, in the spirit of detente, this country is selling millions and millions of dollars' worth of computers (and "electronic navigation equipment" that may be used to improve the very poor accuracy of Soviet ICBMs) to the Russians, their mastery of ICBM computerization may not be far off. But the technology will take years to filter down to the civilian space effort.

The question may legitimately be asked if *anything* good came from the ASTP. The answer would certainly have to be "Yes," though it would have to be qualified carefully.

There were, indeed, many useful and interesting experiments conducted in the Apollo. Of particular importance were the Materials Science, Electrophoresis, and Far-Ultraviolet Astronomy experiments. Though researchers admitted that their experiments were being carried out as "an afterthought," and that the joint antics were the primary objective of the ASTP, this did not in any way diminish the value of the work done.

But important as the work was, it was performed on a flight designed for another purpose, under conditions not conducive to thorough investigation. The experiments could have been a part of a far more valuable mission, such as a 100-day Skylab flight. This is what *should* have been done, for the ASTP, in and of itself, was of no value whatsoever. During the joint phase, it accomplished no serious scientific work that required the presence of Soviet cosmonauts or equipment; it did not, judging from current Soviet reaction to NASA proposals, pave the way for serious scientific work in the future; the level of "understanding" and "trust" it wrought may be ascertained from the fact that our ASTP specialists in the Soviet Union found evidence that a room adjacent to their mission support room had been bugged; and it left the impression, in the minds of many, that the Soviets actually have a progressive space effort, when they do not, and that they are really not evil at all, which they are. American politicians who usually complain stridently of the waste of money our space program represents *really* have something to complain about now. But they are strangely silent.

Our ASTP specialists in the Soviet Union found evidence that a room adjacent to their mission support room had been bugged

Since NASA appears most eager to fly more joint missions with the Soviets, and since we have a President and a Secretary of State who are fully committed to the policy of detente, it seems that U.S.-Soviet space "cooperation" is with us to stay. But it might be nice, prior to and as a condition for any future joint missions, if we could get NASA and our Executive to answer a very fundamental question that should have been explored many years ago.

"I was born a slave, while you were born free," said Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn to an audience in New York. "Why then do you help our slaveowners?" □

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NICARAGUA

Since the Earthquake

R. HART PHILLIPS

On their approach to Managua, capital of Nicaragua, planes fly past the smoking Momotombo volcano, a startling introduction to this country, the largest of the Central American nations.

Violence became a way of life in Nicaragua with the arrival of the Conquistadores; through the centuries, greedy leaders—like Augusto César Sandino—have fought for power. Under the guise of patriotism, Sandino tortured to death many of his own countrymen and every U.S. Marine who fell into his hands. His career ended in a hail of machine-gun bullets in February 1934.

Then came General Anastasio (Tacho) Somoza, a product of violence who came to power in the Golden Age of Latin American dictators. He ruled Nicaragua with an iron hand until he was killed by an assassin in September 1956. Today his son, General Anastasio Somoza, is President of Nicaragua. He was elected for the second time in September 1974 by a big majority.

The shadow of his father, Dictator Somoza, still falls on President Somoza at home and abroad despite his efforts to improve his undeveloped country. He has proven he can maintain order, and today Nicaragua is the only solvent nation in Central America.

President Somoza is a graduate of West Point and has, in fact, long been the best friend the United States has in Central America. Recently, however, articles have been printed in the U.S. press depicting him as a ruthless dictator who is utilizing his power for personal gain.

President Somoza told this correspondent, "I do not understand why American journalists are attacking me. There are," he said smilingly, "so many other people in the world who would be better targets."

It is plain that the Communists, who at present are accelerating their efforts to gain influence in Central America as they have already done in most of the other countries of Latin America, have chosen Somoza as their target. Somoza's political enemies, Communist and non-Communist, are collaborating in this campaign to overthrow him.

President Somoza is adamantly anti-Communist. He has not been seduced by the blandishments of the Soviet Union, as have some of his neighbors. Costa Rica established diplomatic and commercial relations with the Russians, and there is now a Soviet Embassy in its capital, San José. Honduras has established commercial relations with the Soviet Union and it is almost certain that El Salvador and Guatemala will follow the United States in its detente with the Soviet Union and change of attitude toward Red China.

After years of turmoil, the people of Nicaragua now want order, a measure of tranquillity, and prosperity. In 1972 Nicaragua was making some progress. The export of beef, tobacco, sugar, grains, basic products, and some manufactured goods to the U.S. and its partners in the Central American Common Market was increasing. Cotton, Nicaragua's chief export, had been hit by a prolonged drought, but in Managua a mild building boom was going on.

Earthquake

Then on the night of December 23, 1972, as the nation prepared to celebrate Christmas, the most devastating earthquake in Nicaragua's history occurred in Managua. Ten thousand of its 400,000 inhabitants were killed; many more were injured. A few hours later, three thousand U.S. troops arrived in Managua with tents for shelter, a hospital, nurses, doctors, medicine, and food.

The Nicaraguans have a long tradition of political violence, but during the two years following the earthquake the level of violence declined. However, at the end of 1974, as the nation was once again celebrating the holidays, a group of 14 terrorists—Nicaraguans, Cubans, and other foreigners—invaded the home of a prominent citizen who was giving a party for high government officials and other friends, killed him, and demanded a plane and several million dollars from the government. After several days of negotiations, the terrorists received from the government a still undisclosed amount as well as the plane, which took them to Cuba. President Somoza then suspended constitutional guarantees and instituted censorship and military rule, which are still in effect.

Meanwhile, the government is engaged in several development projects, which President Somoza discussed with me. A project which the president considers of the greatest importance is the production of electric power from geothermal energy. He hopes to use the Momotombo volcano to obtain steam for producing electricity. Three wells have been drilled on the side of the volcano where the water line meets the heat. Tests show that these three wells will produce 12,000 kilowatts, and more wells are being drilled. "If we could drill 400 to 800 wells," the president said, "we would not need petroleum."

All Latin American nations have for centuries depended heavily on their customs duties to provide revenue. President Somoza said he considered this highly inefficient, and Congress, agreeing with him, recently passed a law introducing additional methods of taxation. "Today," the president said, "we have a property tax, an income tax, an 8 per cent sales tax, and an excise tax on imported luxury items such as cosmetics, televisions, expensive clothing, etc."

Rebuilding

The president seems proud of the educational reform law that he pushed through Congress. The major change is that children in schools of the interior are now instructed in agriculture through the sixth grade. "Nicaragua is essentially an agricultural country," noted the president, "and we do not want young people leaving the farms to go to villages where little employment is available. We need farmers." Of course, the president continued, any

Mrs. Phillips was New York Times *correspondent in Havana pre-Castro, and has written several books on Latin America.*

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student may go to high school and then to the National University in Managua. The National University and the Catholic University today have a combined student body of some twelve thousand.

Training Young Workers

The greatest handicap of all in Latin America is the lack of skilled workers. The Nicaraguan government is now making a major effort to correct this situation. It has contracted with a private company, Petersen Enterprises, Inc. of Orlando, Florida, to train its youth in carpentry, masonry, plumbing, welding, electricity, and other skills. Petersen Enterprises has now built a large school: classrooms, shops with the latest equipment, dormitories, a dining area, and administrative offices. Courses run from 19 to 21 weeks. Bilingual instructors are brought from the United States. The school has been in operation eight months, and by January 1, 1976, 1,400 students will have finished courses. By January 1, 1977, 2,300 will have finished. Among the students are twenty girls who said they were studying to be carpenters and plumbers, which suggests a major change in the worldview of Latin American women.

Mr. Raymond Molina, Petersen Enterprises' Vice President in charge of Latin American Operations, said plans are being made to establish a similar school in Bluefields, on the east coast of Nicaragua, to train 4,000 youths. Since fishing is the principal industry in Bluefields and along the coast, emphasis will be put on the repair of marine engines, boat building, and similar skills.

A minimum wage law gives the unskilled worker $2 per day. Businessmen say that most receive more, and that skilled workers and office personnel are paid considerably more. Workers pay 3 per cent and employers 8 per cent to social security. Inflation of food prices has not yet reached the danger point.

President Somoza said he and his family own large tracts of land and a number of industries and other enterprises—a complete list of which is available at the Public Registry. The president and others in his family inherited thousands of acres and a huge fortune from his father. Undoubtedly, the president has increased his inheritance.

"Who," the president asked, "wanted to go into the wilderness of Nicaragua and establish a ranch? But there is excellent grazing land there and so I did." He added that others followed, especially Americans, and now there are many big ranches in central Nicaragua. The Americans have built a packing plant there, and now fresh and frozen meat is flown out to the United States and to neighboring countries.

The president went into the tobacco business, growing tobacco with seed brought out of Cuba by a defector who also started the Honduran tobacco industry. A number of exiled Cubans who had grown tobacco in Pinar del Río, Cuba, came in and set up tobacco farms. Today Nicaragua exports cigars which habitual smokers claim are as good as those Cuba made before Castro took over.

The same thing happened in the fishing industry. The president started the industry, which today is a profitable business for many. Reportedly, President Somoza employs some 40,000 workers in his various enterprises.

Friends of the president say he is a pioneer, that he lost millions of dollars in starting these industries. He has, however, recouped his losses, and all his industries are now profitable.

President Somoza's enemies fall into two categories—ordinary political opponents and Communists. There is a formidable underground Communist organization. As in other countries, the Communists try to suborn students, laborers, ambitious politicians, and peasants, but so far the President has not taken any harsh measures against the Communists. In fact, 300 Nicaraguan students went to Moscow to take courses at Lumumba University. It may not be long, however, before the president will be forced to take action.

Some Hope Ahead

The political opposition in Nicaragua comes from the Conservative Party, now split into three factions—the traditionalists, the leftists, and the pro-Communists. The opposition seems to have no platform. Some approve of the president's development plans, some do not, but all join in loud criticism.

Senator Raul Arana, who terms himself a "traditional Conservative," is one of the leaders of the opposition. He said his group approved of the president's development efforts for Nicaragua. But he complained that the president's appointees (including his cabinet), most of whom are graduates of U.S. universities, were "mediocre, did not use initiative, and would not accept responsibility."

He cites two instances when the opposition was forced to appeal to President Somoza to get action. In one case, a gift was offered to a children's clinic but no one accepted it. The president immediately ordered the acceptance. In the other case, the opposition failed to prevent passage in Congress of a new banking law that they considered detrimental to Nicaragua's relations with international banks. After they presented their objections to the president, he vetoed the law.

Senator Arana claimed guerrillas were on the increase in the northern part of Nicaragua and constituted a real danger to the nation. He deplored the censorship President Somoza imposed when he suspended constitutional guarantees last year but conceded it was not harsh.

It is apparent that Nicaragua's tradition of violence continues and that President Somoza needs his 6,000 National Guardsmen, who act as both soldiers and policemen for the nation. But, as one U.S. military official remarked, "President Somoza could not enter an arms race with his equipment."

Nicaragua has about 45 small patrol planes, but, unlike other Latin American countries, no fighters. Its fleet of

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BOO!

In union there is strength, it's true,
But need that be big unions' cue
To throw their weight around and screw
A lot of fellow mortals who
Try hard to make a living too?
Since now they cunningly pursue
A policy that pleases few,
If any, in the overview,
Let me remind them, *entre nous*,
Their tactics long ago outgrew
Their *raison d'être*, and now the shoe
Is on the other foot. Adieu
To cheers for unions. Let them stew
And fume, but they will live to rue
(I trust) the day their fat cats blew
It thinking that they had a coup
By tyrannizing me and you.
I hope I've got my message through.
If not—well, *chacun a son goût*.

CORINNA MARSH

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AMID THE ALIEN CORN

Hello, America!

PAVEL LEONIDOV

AMERICA is in a hurry, America is rushing past. America has no time to get to know me. She has a million things to do, and I am no special event for her. In America everyone is either an émigré or a descendant of émigrés. An émigré is something ordinary.

Here I am standing squarely in America, distractedly saying, "*Zdravstvui, Amerika*"—Hello, America—and in response there comes crashing down on me: "Hello! Okay! All right!" I still don't know the exact meaning of these energetic words, but sense their kindly intent and bouncy vigor.

I look around: everywhere the same furious rhythm and tempo, in every direction including straight up. Stunned by the speeds and colors, I stand, helplessly, on the crest of civilization. "Okay," America says to me, "look at my arrow-straight streets that haven't room enough on earth, so they take off skyward. Great, aren't they? I'll have you know émigrés built them. You're in a panic, are you? All right! Take a closer look at New York and see its tight inner consistency. Everything here has been anticipated—everything! That means you, too."

I, anticipated? That may be so, but all the same it's hard for me to accept. Why it should be so hard I don't understand right away, but when I do, I will go off to the side and look at myself—from the side. Here I stand on the corner of 42nd Street and Fifth Avenue. There he is—that "I"—trying to assume an utterly self-confident air and for this very reason conspicuous among all the free and easy Americans. There he is—that "I"—smoking with apparent unconcern, but with disquiet in his eyes. And aloud I say, "See here, you've been living in America two weeks and already you've discovered that even here there are problems."

What, problems in America, too? Impossible. Everything is so right here, so free, so swift-moving. The stores are fully stocked with everything. The newspapers are stuffed with information, although for you this information is still inaccessible because of the language barrier.

The local Russian newspaper, the *Novoye Russkoye Slovo*, is your life-giving swallow of freedom, your wide-open eyes on the new world. First thing in the morning you run out to get the newspaper, and, as you walk back, you drink in rather than read the unaccustomed truth, causing chills to run through you. What's this? When, why, and how can it be? It isn't possible—the President himself?! These revelations in ordinary newsprint create inside you a wild commotion and dislocation of ideas, drag you by the ears into the light of day, and although you had known a bit of this before and guessed a bit of that, nevertheless, you are shaken. You turn the newspaper this way and that, but, alas, all four pages have been read through down to the last letter. Oh, what an indispensable but slim newspaper! And with envy you glance at the fat, bulging *Times* and *Post*.

BUT ON THOSE four paltry pages, amid the revelations and shocks, slowly, imperceptibly, you begin to uncover that truth which for you—raised under Soviet conditions, an assembly-line product deprived of all sense of individuality, crammed full of bloody-red "information"—is frightening.

How is this? Can it really be that you must go it alone—without the troika, the "triangle"? But you are not used to being without the "triangle." You might as well be without your head. And you want to cry out: America! Do you know what a triangle is?—the Soviet one, the very same one that came to be in Russia long ago and that in Gogol raced through Russia's vastness as a winged troika, never turning to look back. The same one that was later transformed into the troikas of the Cheka and the OGPU—the unreasoning three-man tribunals that sped the innocent to their doom. It is the same today and has become respectable: the Communist Director, the Communist Party Organizer, and the Communist Chairman of the Local Trade Union Committee. This very triangle has directed you through your whole life wherever it wanted. But now you are invited to live after a new fashion: every person must decide for *himself*. For himself alone! What does this mean—himself? You feel utterly at a loss.

In addition, it turns out that apartments are terribly expensive and transportation costs incredible sums of money. And when you smoke, you smoke through a whole dollar. And you still don't know the language, you aren't earning a cent, and you live at somebody else's expense. Almost subconsciously, through complicated mental calculations, you start translating the purchasing power of the spent dollar into rubles, and it turns out that you are spending not one dollar, but five rubles. For example, a colorful, smart-looking shirt costs two dollars, but in the USSR you couldn't buy one like this for ten rubles. But, on the other hand, rent there is trifling, and for the cost of a round trip subway ride here you could go around all Moscow three times. But back there, you argue with yourself, you earned one hundred, 120 rubles a month, and here you are going to get five hundred—maybe even a thousand—dollars. Maybe, but when, when?

Then, you think how expensive medical care is here—a nightmare! People reassure you, telling you how one émigré they knew was put in Coney Island Hospital and underwent complicated surgery there without being asked to pay a cent—but somehow you don't believe. Even if this were true, it was just an operation. What if a person comes down with something chronic, he'll be skinned to the bone—totally fleeced. They *have* to fleece him—this is capitalism, after all. Besides, at any moment he can be thrown out of work—a boss is a boss. Then he'll end up with his little ones on the street—and with no one to complain to. There is no "triangle" here.

So it keeps seething, fermenting, and boiling up in our blood—the poison of doubt and distrust, the poison injected

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Translation by Miriam London.

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Karen Anne Quinlan's Calvary

TWENTY-ONE-YEAR-OLD Karen Anne Quinlan lay for over six months in what was described as a coma, while a mechanical respirator assured her breathing. After the attending neurologist refused on grounds of medical ethics to withdraw the respirator, Karen's parents filed a civil suit asking that the court authorize its removal, and so let the girl die. Both Karen's court-appointed guardian and the Morris County prosecutor opposed the parents' request. Judge Robert Muir Jr. will give his decision early in November.

For many, Karen no longer has a "meaningful existence": no longer a human being, much less a human person, but merely a "human vegetable" with "animal reflexes," existing in a "persistent vegetative state," Karen would "never recover the ability to function as a human being." According to one editorial, Karen is one of the "living dead—without thought, without joy, without sadness, and without any prospects for the future except as the machinery continues." The editorial went on logically to ask: What shall we do with the other thousands of such living dead? Kill them? it asked gingerly. Like we kill unwanted fetuses nowadays?

When Dr. Korein, who tested Karen's reactions to physical stimuli, reportedly concluded that "her reactions could in no way be related to conscious activity," he leaped to a conclusion lying hopelessly beyond the scope of his science. How could he know Karen's reactions were not related to any conscious activity? And how could anyone assert that in her "comatose" state she was incapable of sorrow, sadness, joy, or thought? Only by three doctrinaire assumptions: that all our human thinking, willing, and emotions consist essentially and exclusively of *physically* detectable phenomena; that those traces by which we "observe" consciousness *are* themselves consciousness; and that consciousness so defined is itself the essence of humanness.

Such facile opinions give us an irresponsible way out of a dilemma. A selfish dilemma. Not Karen's dilemma, but ours. It eliminates the "huge accompanying emotional cost for the family and the economic cost for the community." And that is the crass heart of a heartless matter. It is our own suffering—economic as well as emotional—that such arguments plead. We have no reliable idea of what Karen has suffered, although "expert opinion" advises she did not suffer.

Spirit v. Synapses

There is, however, a powerful argument that will not easily bow to the limited authority of medicine. Nor can it be swept away by courts of law, without disrupting the very basis of law's deepest reason. For religious belief is very clear. In each one of us, what thinks, wills, is joyful or sorrowful, and has hope for the future is exclusively the spirit each one is subsistently. Only that spirit, not telltale traces of electrical circuits, synaptic activity, and patterned nerve reactions, qualifies us as human beings. When "normal" psycho-physical expression of this spirit ceases, this does not automatically mean that one ceases to be spirit or to be human. Today, our real problem with death is to determine when this spirit no longer *in-forms* the body.

Religious belief asserts that the individual spirit which is each one of us exercises itself throughout mortal life in a way that inevitably attracts or repels the love of God. Our work, efforts, pleasures, achievements, as well as our sufferings can bring us near to God or separate us from God. We cannot be neutral. Religious morality bids us find in Karen an occasion for exercising holiness: for her parents, in resignation and trust in God; for the hospital personnel, in loving and dutiful care of an afflicted human being; for the court, in applying man-made laws prudently, wisely, according to the immutable commands of God. And each will answer for his actions.

Whatever is done in Karen's regard, it must be done within the only humanly acceptable framework: she is a human being deserving help and compassion on her Calvary. She is not an eyesore or one of the living dead who have intact organs that can be removed for transplant or extraordinary research purposes. We cannot afford, therefore, any false compassion for her or any pity that is really for ourselves. In dying, Karen could no more than any other human being die alone, because Jesus died once and for all of us. His presence and love illumine that otherwise dark tunnel. And his own Calvary ensures that our individual Calvaries are sweetened with substantial hope of immortality by being assimilated to His.

He also established one other vital condition of our existence and our dying—a condition that is the central difficulty for us machine-fed moderns. To be human we must be assimilated to what is greater than human. To have ordinary human hope, we must hope in what is beyond human being. And, to know what human being is, we must know and love a being greater than any human.

Home to God

When we think of her emaciated frame lying in a grotesque fetal position in St. Clare's Hospital in Denville, faith alone can give us true intimations of the winsome beauty and ultimate nobility she must have achieved by humble acceptance of pain and by hope of life eternal. Despite her short years and the error committed through her use of alcohol and tranquilizers, hers has been a most meaningful existence.

After death, she is gone home to God, beyond the reach of our human meddling, hapless theorizing, and legalistic fretting all the way up to the Supreme Court. We, however, will not be so easily freed from the dilemma she has forced us to face. Will we take the animals as our models and judge our dying condition the equivalent of the condition of vegetables? Or will we listen to the voice of God telling us of our worth and dignity, because we have been loved even more than God's angels? □

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Arts & Manners

The GIMLET EYE

D. KEITH MANO

Public Asses TV

"And what kind of show would you like to do, Mr. Mano?"

"Ah. What I have in mind, I'd like to read my complete published works aloud."

"Fine. Fine. How long do you think that would take?"

"Well, in half-hour segments—oh, say, five or six years. Depending on how fast I read. Also how fast I write."

"Fine. Fine. And you, Sir?"

An old gentleman has taken the microphone. He holds it medicinally, as if it were a nasal mist spray. "I, I'd. Like to do a pro, program. On the secrets of success."

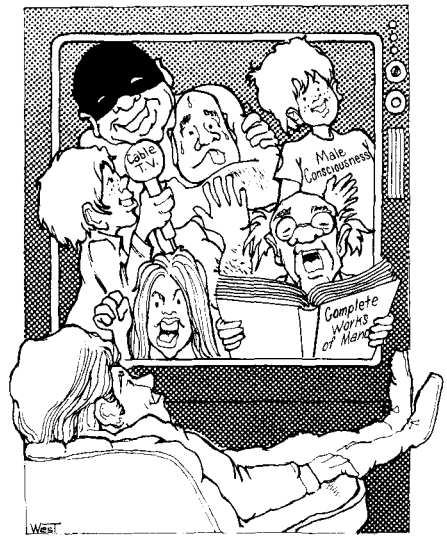
"Fine, fine. Next." I lean over and ask, unchristianly, "Pardon my question. But if you're such a success expert, how come you're on public TV, and not on CBS or NBC?"

"Yes." The old man is thoughtful. "Er—I could also do a program on opera. Maybe."

This is the First Amendment gone rabid: TV's very own vanity press. In New York there are two cable TV systems—Manhattan and Teleprompter—with more than a million subscribers between them. They split the island north/south, roughly across its soft solar plexus, Central Park. Along with first-run films and Knick games, each has set aside two channels (C and D in both cases) for what is called public access. This frivolity was mandated not by Andy Warhol, but by the city franchise agreement. Now, if you'd like an hour show that features the wife and the kid folding pillow cases, with some ironing thrown in to change pace—it's yours, man, it's a goddam civil liberty.

At the moment I'm sitting in on an orientation class run by Manhattan Cable TV. To my right, past the success-or-opera expert, is a sea anemone (all mouth and this freaky blue bathing cap covered with blue feathers). She and her husband—who looks like anemone food—intend to host an ESP show. Then, going counterclockwise, there are four men and one eight-year-old boy who have "done some interesting things in male consciousness" and need more recognition. Then three ladies who want access to private homes for stray cats. Then five teenagers who plan an interview show with famous wrestlers. It's all "fine, fine." And easy: Manhattan will train you to use a videotape porta-pak for ten bucks, rent one for the same per day. I ask Mr. Fine Fine, doesn't he run into a lot of lunatics? "Oh, no. We've programmed over 30,000 hours and very few people have failed to return the equipment." That's what I call a useful definition of lunacy.

THERE ARE limitations. You mustn't sell things or give away prizes or libel people. Also, you can't be obscene. I say can't, not mayn't: around New York where only the porno business makes consistent profits, it'd be tough to commit a noticeable obscenity. *Screw* magazine produces *Midnight Blue* on Channel C: "Controversial adult-viewing news program." This, apparently, is softcore stuff, rather an embarrassment to Al Goldstein. If memory serves me, Goldstein has been complaining about public-access censorship. But Mr. Fine Fine doesn't concern himself with lewdness, nor does the contract you have to sign. As regards, say, nudity: "We would at least ask you, out of politeness, to program these items late at night." Otherwise C and D are there for your personal exploitation. "We invite you to manipulate us, but we ask you do so in a fair manner, so that others who are trying to manipulate us won't be inconvenienced." That is: Return the equipment.



I'VE SEEN too many hours of public access. You'd be better off watching someone's home movie: Junior shaking hands with Goofy at Disney World. Public access is 80 per cent talk shows; after all, both production materials and talk are cheap. Blowsy women, blowsy men use the porta-pak as an excuse to accost celebrities in undiscriminating restaurants. One Marilyn Perry tablehops, giving out that she's intimate with Earl Wilson and Dagmar who, for inexplicable reasons, go along with the masquerade. It's pathetic: she tells each female, "You look divine," then asks, "And whose dress is that?" To which question one world-weary notable replied, "It's mine, dear."

Cable TV World warns that some producers "are merely 'doing their own thing.' These producers often do not even care if their program is listed or not." The listings sound the way the window of a college paperback store looks. Astronumerologists and astrologers, parapsychologists and psychometrists, poetry therapists, evangelists, even "videosociologists." For every catholic show there is at least one very parochial show. Armenian, Irish, Arab, Balkan, Greek consciousness programs. Block parties, "celebrity" belly-dancing, Arthur Rubin, "who talks about his ideas for peaceful and revolutionary change," and Tex Fenster, "who plays old and new records, shows pix of himself and (nudies.)" Mr. Fine Fine mentions one couple that "just set up a porta-pak in front of their living room sofa and chatted with each other for thirty minutes." And from this televised self-abuse, he says cheerfully, "It is

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hoped some benefit might accrue to the public."

Not bloody likely. One public access executive (name withheld) told me, "Now and then we get a worthwhile program—some shows we did on prisons were good—but it's the weird ego types that keep going on. We asked our 'producers' to put together an hour that we could send to President Ford. Great. One man took a record of Ezio Pinza singing 'Some Enchanted Evening' and lip-synched himself to it. The whole business is frustrating and silly and sad." Get government involved and standards of excellence, artistic or intellectual, vanish: to criticize is fascist. We're in the self-expression age, as witness radio phone-in gigs, radical demonstrations (always a form of communicative art), and the thousand thousand community theaters that draw wives, mothers, uncles, other actors, and usually one disgruntled local newspaper critic. With so many self-expressers, the nation is perilously short on audiences. Maybe that's what we should do with all those able-bodied folk who collect welfare. Teach them to applaud. □

NR's TWENTIETH

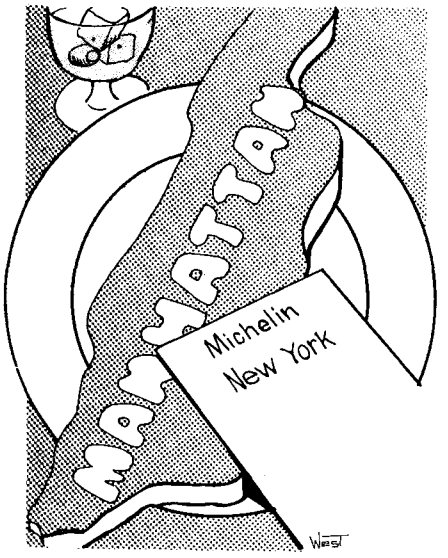
NIKA HAZELTON

Before, in-between, and after the Party

If one comes to New York for NATIONAL REVIEW's Twentieth Anniversary Gala, it would be a pity not to surround this event with doings that make for memorable memories. This, I think, is best done with the Hazelton Pile-Up System, which amounts to doing what one likes to do in large amounts within a short time. For instance: if you enjoy art, don't see just one, but at least half a dozen galleries and museums; Ruth Berenson tells how and where (see box). The same for theater, the ballet, and the opera (I refer you again to Ruth Berenson); three ballets or three operas in a row will be much more memorable than the same over three months. If you like movies, do what I used to do the day before my children went to camp, where they would be deprived of movies: we started with the first show and ended with the last. Get to know the city by walking in three different neighborhoods in one day, such as Chinatown, Greenwich Village, and the elegant streets of the Sutton Place and Beekman Place residential districts on the East Side. If you love fancy food, eat the fanciest meals at the fanciest prices, as described further down; or make a study of New York's ethnic restaurants, as described in the Manhattan Yellow Pages. Or become a luncheonette connoisseur, like a man I know who keeps sophisticated dinner parties entranced with his tales on the subject. If you love to do nothing, do it with panache by staying in bed for a day or two in your hopefully comfortable hotel room, reading diverting trash, and looking in a desultory manner at TV while friendly Room Service brings food and, more important, drink. I think you get the idea: moderation is about as exciting as warm beer and, while a dozen carnations is nice, twelve dozen are memorable.

AN ESSENTIAL for any New York resident or visitor is the green Michelin New York guide, as useful here as its counterparts in Europe and by far the best guide to the city. If possible, get the Michelin before you come because it helps you plan your time, it caters to your special interests, and it tells you all about places few Manhattanites know—the city's other boroughs: Brooklyn, the Bronx, Queens, and Staten Island. Why it should be so I don't know, but it is easier to get a Manhattanite to visit somebody two hours away on the train than half an hour away by subway in another borough.

An excellent and very inexpensive way of getting around New York on weekends has been devised by the Metropolitan Transportation Authority: special bus services. Culture Bus Loops I and II run Saturdays, Sundays, and holidays every twenty minutes—making, respectively, 22 and 32 stops at all of New York's and Brooklyn's major cultural institutions and attractions. For $1.25 on each bus, you can get on and off at any number of stops, and you can get a very good New York guide as you board the bus. (Remember that regular bus and subway fares are now up to 50 cents.) There is also a Night-on-the-Town bus ticket, for $1, which gives you unlimited riding on any MTA bus from 6 P.M. until 2 A.M. the next morning, plus a 10 per cent discount on



many good, reasonably priced restaurants and theaters. One dollar will also buy you a Shopper's Bus Ticket, which lets you get on and off any bus between 32nd and 59th Streets and Third and Eighth Avenues and gives you discounts at certain stores. I would strongly advise getting more information by writing to The Marketing Editor, Metropolitan Transportation Authority, 1700 Broadway, New York City 10019, phone (212) 262-3043. Finally, if you are in New York on a Sunday and want a tour conducted by a literate guide, with emphasis on New York's cultural and architectural history, stand outside the Metropolitan Museum of Art (Fifth Avenue and 82nd Street) at either 12 noon or 3 P.M. The tour costs $5, lasts three hours, and is lots of fun.

Ignore its name and make a point of seeing Roosevelt Island, née Welfare Island, in the middle of the East River —phone (212) 421-8586 for information. Once a conglomerate of hospitals and asylums, the island has become a brand-new and still unfinished housing development of considerable interest. You can get there by car (call the above number for details), or by taking the subway to Queens Plaza and the Roosevelt Island bus. If you can't get there, look at it from Manhattan; it's a great sight.

THE BEST WAY to see the magnificence of New York, aside from the top of the Empire State Building, is from the water. You don't have to cross the ocean or go on a cruise—a trip on the Staten Island ferry, for a quarter, or a trip to the Statue of Liberty is just as good, and one of the very best things to

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Before the Bash

HERE ARE A FEW brass-tack, highly personal suggestions for *NR* readers brave enough to spend the weekend in New York before our twentieth anniversary bash on November 17. They assume you're not going to hole up in your hotel room with the TV, that you've brought your Hush Puppies, and that you're willing to be convinced that, crime and incipient bankruptcy notwithstanding, New York is a great place to visit even if . . . (Try to buy theater, music, ballet tickets in advance.)

THEATER: This is the best On, Off, Off-Off Broadway season in years. Classic Revivals: *Summer and Smoke*, Roundabout Theater, 333 West 23rd; *Ah, Wilderness!* Circle in the Square, 50th west of B'way; *Trelawny of the "Wells,"* Beaumont Theater, Lincoln Center. New Plays: *Equus* (last year's shocker, with Tony Perkins), Plymouth, 236 W. 45th. Musicals (a bumper crop): *A Chorus Line*, Shubert, 225 W. 44th; *Chicago* (Gwen Verdon), 46th Street Theatre, 46th west of B'way; *The Wiz* (black Wizard of Oz), Majestic, 245 W. 44th. In general, musicals range from $15 to $6; legits from $11 downward except Saturday nights $13.50.

MUSIC: **N.Y. Philharmonic** concerts Friday and Saturday nights. **Dixieland** at Jimmy Ryan's and Eddie Condon's, both on 54th Street. For nightclubs, rock, and folk, you're on your own. (Listings in *New York* magazine, *Cue*, *The New Yorker*.) **Metropolitan Opera**: SRO for *Così Fan Tutte* (Friday night), and *La Gioconda* (Saturday matinee); *Barber of Seville* (Saturday night) still available at this writing.

BALLET: Three major companies competing: **American Ballet Theatre** (*Raymonda* all performances, and you might catch Nureyev), Uris Theater (for tickets, ABT, 888 7th Ave.); **New York City Ballet**, N.Y. State Theatre, Lincoln Center; **Eliot Feld Ballet** (new this year, exciting), Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette Street.

ART: Strolling down **Madison Avenue** between 79th and 65th streets is a free Saturday afternoon pastime called "gallery hopping." Go in anywhere and look. Or try **SoHo** (East B'way south of Houston St.), less avant-garde than formerly but the cast-iron architecture and espresso bars remain. *Nota bene*: Galleries are closed Mondays; also Sundays except for some in SoHo.

MUSEUMS: Take your pick! (But beware of Monday closings.)

Metropolitan, Fifth and 82nd. New spectacular installation of Islamic art; abstractions by Hans Hartung. Don't forget the Met's medieval branch uptown, **The Cloisters**, reachable from midtown on the M4 (Madison Avenue) bus. Both closed Mondays. Pay-what-you-want. **Frick Collection**, Fifth and 70th. Great old masters. Free. Closed Mondays. **Guggenheim**, Fifth and 89th. Storage formerly lousing up Frank Lloyd Wright's great interior has been removed and it looks wonderful. František Kupka, Czech-born pioneer abstractionist. Closed Monday. One dollar. **Whitney**, Madison and 75th. Sculpture by witty, little-known Elie Nadelman. One dollar weekdays, $1.50 weekends.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 West 53rd. Have lunch in the garden. Two dollars. And also on 53rd, **Museum of American Folk Arts**, **Museum of Contemporary Crafts**. **American Museum of Natural History**, Central Park West at 79th. Butterflies, dinosaurs, and, next door, the **Hayden Planetarium** with show about stars and planets. Pay-what-you-want; Planetarium $1.75.

If you've had it with culture, Central Park on Saturday or Sunday afternoon is safe and fun. The Times Square area, full of porn shows and massage parlors, is still . . . Times Square (but watch out after dark). Other ideas: window shopping on Fifth Avenue, a walk around Greenwich Village, exploring Chinatown and Little Italy (take subway to Canal Street) or Wall Street and lower Manhattan, suddenly full of newly-installed abstract sculptures, and tiny landscaped places to sit. —RUTH BERENSON

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do in New York. Starting point for both is at the Battery, at the foot of Manhattan.

Another New York sight that is not to be neglected is Bloomingdale's, the department store on Lexington Avenue at 59th Street. Bloomie's, as it is affectionately called, is a truly New York institution, perhaps even more because of the customers than the merchandise, though the latter caters to all tastes and purses and is very imaginative, especially the housewares department and (for breads and cheeses) the gourmet department. The time to behold Bloomingdale's is Saturday afternoon, when what appears to be the whole single population of New York's young gathers there as a meeting ground. Quite a sight, I assure you.

Now we come to eating, which I can touch on only lightly, for lack of space. For those who take their food seriously, I suggest a worthwhile book that includes not all, but a great many (150, to be precise), of New York's most interesting restaurants and their menus, prices, phones, reservation and credit card information, and so on, from the Battery to 96th Street, East and West. Write to Metropolitan Menus Inc., 360 West 22nd Street, New York City 10011; enclose a check or money order for $6.95 plus 8 per cent sales tax for New York residents and 4 per cent sales tax for New York State residents. However, I have grouped some restaurants into price categories. Don't gasp —restaurant food *is* expensive in New York. I suggest that if you want to save, you should eat lunch rather than dinner, because the same food costs between 10 and 25 per cent less at lunch, depending on the restaurant. And be sure to write or call ahead for reservations, lunch or dinner, or you may not be able to get in, especially at lunch time. The approximate prices are for two and do not include wine. *Grand Luxe*: **Lutèce** (249 East 50th Street, NYC 10022, PL 2-2225), around $100; long famous and conservatively elegant. **The Palace** (420 East 59th Street, 10022, 355-5150), a newcomer and a debated one, where the minimum for one person is $50, the wines are very expensive, and the management puts the tip on the bill for you. (There must be a reason for this, I expect.) **La Grenouille**

(Continues on page 1308)

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BOOKS

Oakeshott's Distinction

On Human Conduct
By Michael Oakeshott
Oxford, 350 pp., $18.50

FERDINAND MOUNT

Theorizing, says Michael Oakeshott, is an adventure. He enacts his own thesis. This majestic work by the greatest living British philosopher of conservative disposition is pre-eminently a grand adventure. Oakeshott is an explorer on the old-fashioned scale. He sets out alone, unmonitored by mission control; he navigates without instruments, or only with those known to his pre-electronic forebears, compass and sextant worn and weatherstained by long use. His log is free of mathematical formulae, compact, dense, sometimes hard to follow and doubling back into its tracks, yet at other times breaking free into passages of fluency and beauty. *On Human Conduct* offers fewer beguiling excursions than *Rationalism in Politics*, but in the middle of the journey there are five pages on the place of religion in human life which have a resounding grace our century rarely hears.

Like all great journeys of mind or body, Oakeshott's odyssey leaves an impression of *strangeness*. To talk of novelty here is to miss the uniqueness of the enterprise. In truth there is little novel about the theme or themes upon which he embarks, any more than the sight of a ship leaving harbor comes as novel to the loungers on the jetty. That the ship is the *Mayflower* and that its journey will be immense and dowered with huge consequences is not easy to discern at the time. Contemporaries can only savor its strangeness and try to analyze precisely how and why it is so strange.

This particular enterprise falls into three parts, each a substantial and self-contained essay: the first, on the theoretical understanding of human conduct; the second, on the civil condition; the last, on the character of a modern European state. The three essays form a continuous expedition, traversing in turn the terrain of philosophy, political theory, and history. The nature of the expedition must first be summarized.

Thought, says Oakeshott, is the adventure of a reflective consciousness confronting what he calls a "going-on" —a phenomenon. The adventure has no starting point and no terminus. The adventurer clambers from one platform of conditional understanding to another. He cannot "go back to first principles"; there are always postulates to be taken for granted; there is always scaffolding up. And at the end of the day's work, there is always another day ahead, another floor to be explored and built on.

The theorist's method of proceeding is to abstract an ideal character from the raw mass of goings-on around him and to set about trying to understand it in terms of its postulates. In the case of human conduct, the identity to be abstracted is human doing which is not dictated by gods or nature, not the consequences of physical processes. A kneejerk is not a piece of human conduct, nor is a man's being blown over by the wind, nor the babbling of a man suffering delirium tremens or of the village idiot. The notion of human conduct postulates the choice of a free agent who has his own understanding of his situation. That understanding, viewed from outside, may appear imperfect or erroneous, but it remains nonetheless his own.

The civil relationship is a relationship to be understood in terms of human conduct: "*cives* are not neurophysiological organisms, genetic characters, psychological egos, or components of a 'social process,' but 'free' agents whose response to one another's actions and utterances is one of understanding; and civil association is not an organic, evolutionary, teleological, functional, or syndromic relationship but an understood relationship of intelligent agents."

THERE ARE two ways, Oakeshott says, in which *cives* may be thus related. He calls these two modes "enterprise association" and "practice association."

The enterprise association has a common purpose: to wage war, to manufacture bassoons, to bring down the government, to pursue learning, happiness, or fraternity. Its members thus compose an army, a sect, a party, a college, or a guild. The choices and performances of these members must at all times be subordinate to the common purpose; running such an association is a "managerial" engagement. Enterprise association is the mode of human relationship with which civil relationship is most frequently identified. In fact, some writers find it impossible to imagine association except in terms of a common purpose.

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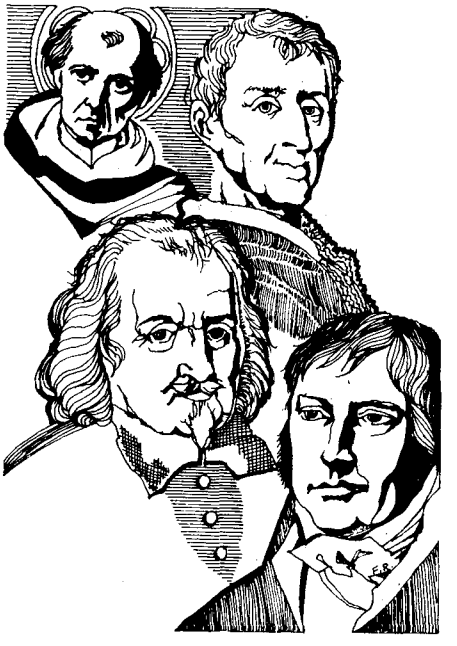
Yet there is another mode. Men may also be related in terms of a practice, a set of rules. These rules may be usages or customs whose outlines are somewhat fuzzy; or they may be precisely specified legal rules. To distinguish this whole body of rules from the laws of actual nation-states, which are both wider and narrower in scope, Oakeshott calls it *lex*.

Lex does not tell the *cives* what specific actions to perform or what manner of life to pursue. *Lex* is not to be enlisted for the war effort or the march toward socialism. *Lex* merely consists of rules which are to qualify the choices and performances of citizens.

THE machinery which operates *lex*—judges declaring and interpreting it, policemen and prison officers enforcing it, voters and politicians electing, appointing, and delegating authority to these and other public servants—constitutes a system which Oakeshott calls *respublica*. *Respublica* derives its authority not from any hypothetical General Will, putative Social Contract, or current Social Purpose, but only from the *cives*' continuous daily acknowledgement of that authority. "And should it be asked how a manifold of rules, many of unknown origin, subject to deliberate innovation, continuously amplified in judicial conclusions about their meanings in contingent situations, not infrequently neglected without penalty, often inconvenient, neither demanding nor capable of evoking the approval of all whom they concern, and never more than a very imperfect reflection of what are currently believed to be 'just' conditions of conduct, may be acknowledged to be authoritative, the answer is that authority is the only conceivable attribute it could be indisputably acknowledged to have."

Civil obligation is not an obligation to approve any or all of the rules; it is merely an obligation to acknowledge their authority. I may think the law against speeding a foolish law; I may break that law deliberately or inadvertently; I have still not defaulted on my civil obligation, which is only to acknowledge the authority of the court which punishes or could punish me. Such authority and such obligation are not the tyrants they are often supposed to be, for they do not argue or ask to be approved or poke their noses into your beliefs and plans. They offer the distinctive freedom which flows from the recognition of moral agency, the freedom to be left to your own devices, in the precise sense of that phrase.

Oakeshott insists upon attaching a very exact significance to the idea of politics within the terms of civil association. Politics is not simply crafty



bargaining for advantage; and we are not entitled to use the term as a slack metaphor for our daily bargainings—as in the phrases "factory politics," "office politics," or "matrimonial politics"—for these bargainings are aimed at securing substantive satisfactions: profits, pay, promotion, warmed slippers. Politics has no such overriding purpose; it is nothing else but the reconsideration and possible amendment of the conditions of association. This business may be less exciting than the management of a great enterprise but "it calls for so exact a focus of attention and so uncommon a self-restraint that one is not astonished to find this mode of human relationship as rare as it is excellent."

With his cards face upward on the table, Oakeshott then proceeds to a brief sketch of the emergence of the modern European state. All mystical, religious, racial, linguistic, and geographical rationales for the particular shape and governmental system of the state we happen to live in are valueless. States "just growed." They are matters of historical accident.

Almost from the start of the process by which they emerged into their present form, both modes of association were identified as present. In the language of the medieval church, *universitas* corresponded to enterprise association and *societas* corresponded to practice association. The best minds had always recognized the tension between the two and sought to resolve it with varying success. Aquinas, for example, believed that the good of a *civitas* coexisted with a "human good which does not consist in a community but pertains to each individual as a self." Oakeshott is especially illuminating on how Montesquieu's distinction between the republic committed to *le bien public* and the monarchy governed solely by *la loi* corresponds to the *universitas-societas* tension.

His efforts to draw the same themes out of Hobbes and Hegel are less immediately convincing. Hobbes certainly shares Oakeshott's notion of authority and he does declare that where the law is silent "there the subject hath the liberty to do, or forbear, according to his own discretion." Thus far Hobbes is a practice-association man, an old-fashioned laissez-faire liberal, an American conservative. But Hobbes's articles of a peace to end the universal war of the state of nature are drawn up in order to assure men "such things as are necessary to commodious living," and the office of the sovereign is to procure "the safety of the people," by which "is meant not a bare preservation, but also all other contentments of life." The fact that this welfare state is to be secured by as few laws as possible cannot disguise that this is essentially enterprise-association thinking and constitutes the take-off point where Hobbes's authoritarianism begins to merge into, or offer excuses for, totalitarianism. Unlike Oakeshott, Hobbes does not appear to think the two modes of association are irreconcilable. In fact he does not even seem to have noticed the distinction between them.

As we move into the historical part of the expedition, we become increasingly conscious that this is an adventure with an unhappy ending. For gradually the enterprise association is winning. Its eventual triumph was indeed genetically imprinted in the seeds of the modern state, for the growth of the state has depended upon the growth of a central apparatus of government.

Ferdinand Mount *is the author of* The Theatre of Politics. . . . **Robert H. Bork** *is solicitor general of the United States. . . . Book reviews are indexed in* Book Review Index.

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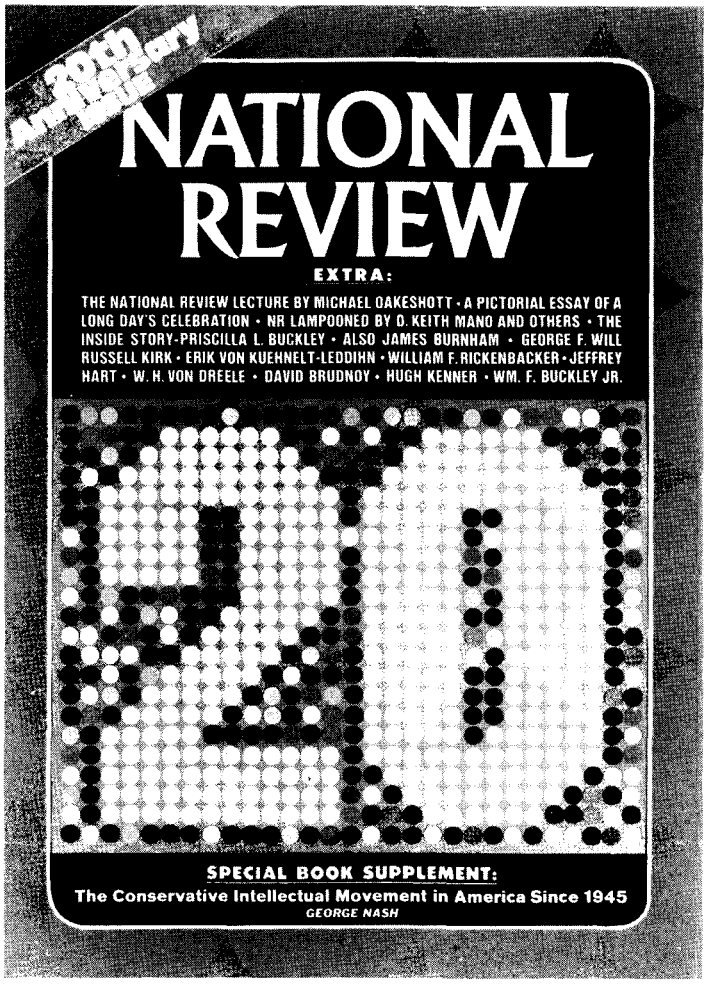
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RANDOM NOTES

■ JUST OUT: The staff of *Reader's Digest* bows into the Bicentennial sweepstakes with *The Story of America* (Norton, $15.95). For the same house, a revisionist chapter of that same history: Bernard Bellusk's *The Failure of the NRA* ($8.95). . . . Never before published: Disraeli's *Notes for an Autobiography* (Stein & Day, $10). . . . *Puritan's Progress* is a life of John Bunyan by Monica Furlong (Coward, $8.95). . . . Janet Hobhouse portrays Gertrude Stein in *Everybody Who Was Anybody*. It's illustrated (Putnam, $17.50). . . . Burke Davis' *George Washington and the American Revolution* is mildly iconoclastic (Random, $15). . . . William Carter's *Middle West Country* has over 200 photos (Houghton; $20 to Jan. 1, then $25). . . . Robert S. Gilmour and Robert B. Lamb talked to plain citizens, report their grim findings in *Political Alienation in Contemporary America* (St. Martin's, $6.95).

■ PAPERBACKS: Ever wonder why unreadable books with dubious sales prospects, like Angela Davis' *Autobiography*, invariably get picked up by major houses like Bantam? So do we. . . . *The Autobiography of American Business* is a collection of interviews by John Brooks with people like Helena Rubenstein and Henry Ford (Anchor, $3.95). . . . Dr. Alexander Lowen risks having his office picketed by screaming, er, "gays." In *Love and Orgasm* (Collier, $1.95), he writes: "Homosexuality can be viewed as a hybrid combining the self-love of infancy and the attempt at the adult love of heterosexuality. Similar relationships, some involving sexual contact, can be found frequently among pre-adolescent or young adolescent boys. Homosexuality may be regarded as development arrested at this stage." . . . Bantam has *Napoleon Symphony* by Anthony Burgess ($1.95).

■ FILMS: Lots of action at Warners'. *All the President's Men* will debut next spring with Robert Redford, Dustin Hoffman, Jack Warden, Martin Balsam, Jason Robards, and Hal Holbrook. . . . Neil Simon's original script, *Bogart Slept Here*, will be directed by Mike Nichols. . . . Barbra Streisand and Kris Kristofferson have the leads in *A Star Is Born*, but this version is set in the rock world. . . . Two inevitable sequels: *The Exorcist, Part II* with Linda Blair, and *Dirty Harry III* with Clint Eastwood. . . . Tom Wicker's *A Time to Die* will be adapted by Don Peterson and directed by Arthur Penn.

With each advance in the Prussianization of the haphazard, fuzzy-edged, heterogeneous, overlapping political entities of medieval Europe, the purposeful state has grown in power. This acquisition of power is speeded up by the wars which growing states have needed to wage in order to consolidate their sway. War means mobilization, enlistment, subordination. War demands a sense of common purpose expressed and implemented uniformly by an all-pervading bureaucracy. The delicate accommodations and fragile liberties of the practice association cannot stand up against its rationalist incursions and directives.

THIS GREAT symphony of the political mind ends then on a dying fall—a reflective elegy for the liberties we (and still more our fathers and grandfathers) have enjoyed. As its echoes die away and the entrancement loses its initial force, the peculiar character of the enterprise is borne in upon the reader —a character which in its uncompromising stress upon the *separateness* of every human being recalls Hobbes, whom Oakeshott so dazzlingly expounds in his introduction to the *Leviathan*. Man, for Oakeshott, is an individual reflective consciousness who retains through all oppressions, mental and physical, an inner freedom of which he cannot be robbed. The aroma of the description of how man thinks, chooses, and acts is pungently and appealingly what we now call existentialist. Yet it is this existentialist inflection which creates difficulties when Oakeshott climbs over the hedge into the last, historical part of his journey. Sartre traversed another—and far denser—part of the same bramble thicket in his efforts to square an existentialist ethic with a Marxist account of how society came to be as it is. There is a nagging dichotomy between looking at people from inside—the existentialist perspective—and looking at people from outside—the perspective of history and the social sciences. Oakeshott's problem is to explain how the practice association, with all the seemingly enviable liberties it affords its members, comes to be on the way out, increasingly displaced by the inferior mode of enterprise association. Why do so many people appear to *choose* unfreedom?

Oakeshott's explanation is an historical one. The breakup of medieval society created two sorts of men: on the one hand, the *cives*, capable, independent, who rejoiced in the liberties of modern society, and, on the other hand, those who were lamentably unfitted for civil association. These latter persons—an assortment of the poor, the displaced, and the morally insecure, an amalgam of the *lumpenproletariat* and the *lumpenintelligentsia* in fact—could not stand on their own feet; they could not cope with liberty; and it is for them that an ever-widening welfare state has been created. The poor have inherited the earth and turned it into a sanatorium.

NOW IF THIS IS indeed what has happened, what becomes of the free agent who underpins Oakeshott's model of the civil condition? What exactly is the relation between the freedom which is said to be inherent in reflective consciousness and the freedom which is a chance by-product of historical circumstance? If we are not all sturdy enough to exercise our freedom, how can we posit that equality-in-citizenhood which Oakeshott, following Aristotle, defines as part of the civil condition? To continue to refine the nature of civil association in these circumstances is like continuing to explain the rules of football while ignoring the fact that half the players on the field are one-legged.

The truth is, surely, that the inner freedom described in the first essay exists and matters, but it is not the same as and may not properly be elided with the outer freedom which buttresses the civil condition as described in the second essay. Every man's mind is his own; but that does not mean that every man can look after himself. Oakeshott writes with sympathy of the unfortunates who have gradually destroyed the liberties they lacked the moral or physical resources to use—but without wholly seeing how far the mere existence of such people challenges his argument. So long as a large part of the citizenry remains unfitted for civil association, it can and will be argued that the enterprise of attempting to fit them for it must overshadow civil association as the dominant mode of relationship.

Oakeshott offers no real answer to those who insist on the Brechtian priority—"Grub first, ethics later." Perhaps he feels that there can't be any such answer. At intervals he stresses

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that he is outlining an ideal character, one particular mode of relationship among others. At other times he talks as if *societas* governed by *lex* was the only mode of relationship worth considering, being the noblest distillation of political theory and practice, from which any seepage must be regarded as a tragedy.

Yet these ambiguities and weaknesses are minor. They are only the baggage which has to be jettisoned during difficult portages if the expedition is to reach its goal. We value explorers not for the tidiness of their gear but for the amount of fresh territory they explore; in particular, for their discovery of where one geographical feature ends and another begins, a source, a watershed, the end of the rainbow. The history of social thought is in large part the history of making distinctions, of mapping out the line where this ends and that begins, of defining this-ness and that-ness. These distinctions—between monarchy and republic, between fact and value, between *Gemeinschaft* and *Gesellschaft* —however overworked, misapplied, or reduced to absurdity, never quite lose their power to illuminate the murky cave. Professor Oakeshott has here added to our common stock one more such distinction—the one between rule-governed associations and purpose-governed associations. In so doing, he has given us a fresh and memorable definition of political liberty. And that, besides much else, is cause for gratitude and celebration. □

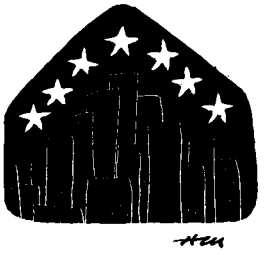
Twilight of Authority
By Robert Nisbet
Oxford, 272 pp., $10.95

A DARK FUTURE SEEN AT TWILIGHT

ROBERT H. BORK

Nisbet's thesis is that the West is in a state of decline, a "twilight age," characterized by a loss of social authority and hierarchy, and a decline in attachment to political values, coupled, perhaps not paradoxically, with the spread of an oppressive state machinery. As the state, in the name of equality, attempts to ensure not equality of opportunity but equality of result, and is supported in this effort by a "clerisy of power" (including "the greater part of the intellectual, especially academic, class"), it necessarily becomes an engine of leveling. Private power centers and institutions that mediate between the individual and the state are weakened so that ultimately the state will face only a mass of individuals. In that lies the prospect of tyranny.

INDEED, Nisbet predicts that the future lies with military socialisms presiding over masses of persons unsupported by intermediate institutions, barbaric regimes governing in the name of equality. "If our problem were *only* a world scene increasingly dominated by the military socialisms or *only* a domestic setting of combined political centralization and social erosion, there would be reason for doubting that America will, like other Western nations, turn increasingly to a variant of the war state. But the fact is, *both* of those conditions are present, and in mounting intensity, and against them any thought of arresting or reversing the processes of militarization of society seems rather absurd."



This is an impressive book, an erudite book, a necessary book, and none of that is intended to be diluted by the observations that in a few places the chain of logic seems fragile and that one wishes it had been a heavier book. As Nisbet acknowledges, parts of his book have appeared in very different form in magazines and newspapers and, while there is no doubt this is a book rather than a collection of articles, there remains something of the quickness of style and ellipsis of argument characteristic of the shorter forms. This would not be worth mentioning were it not also true that Nisbet's style is trenchant, his message important, and his insights often brilliant.

Nisbet can be taken at two levels. The first, which is perhaps a dispensable overlay, consists of the concept of a "twilight age," which parallels previous periods of decline, and the prediction of the militarization of society and the rise of a line of Caesars. I do not say this may not be accurate, only that it is not necessary to the argument, that it may be overly dramatic, and that the demonstration of coming militarization seems rather weak.

But all that may be laid aside and the remaining argument is still compelling and disturbing. Despotism is hardly more welcome if the new governors turn out to be not a clutch of colonels but a supposedly benevolent governmental bureaucracy operating in the name of equality of condition and imposing uniformity because of bureaucracy's own dynamic and requirements. And it is here that Nisbet is at his best: demonstrating the connection between centralization of power and the ideal of equality of condition as contrasted with equality of opportunity; pointing out the affinity of modern left-liberal intellectuals for both central power and egalitarianism; showing the increasing legalization of our culture and our individual relationships, which is a way of replacing social forces with state coercion; delineating the growth of state power in new, softer, and hence less resistible forms; linking the current wave of subjectivism and irrationality, manifested in occultism and the state of the arts, to the decline of the political community; showing the reciprocal relationship between the degradation of language, which is essential to the social bond, and the spread of state power. In these and a dozen other things, Nisbet is insightful, provocative, and, sad to say, probably quite right.

Though pessimistic that the forces of political centralization and social disintegration can be reversed, Nisbet closes with a plea for pluralism and the rescue of the social order from the political order, and he identifies some faint causes for hope. The reader will not be much heartened.

EARLY reaction to his book appears to confirm part of Nisbet's thesis. A lengthy review recites with approval Nisbet's analysis of the ominous trends in governmental power and abuse but takes offense at his perception that one driving force in these developments is the intellectual's appetite for an equality of condition that can be implemented only through a pervasive and stifling bureaucracy. So long as Nisbet denounces government deception and intrusion, he is a "social analyst and

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prophet"; when he identifies the particular source of the evil, he descends at once, in the reviewer's estimation, to the status of "ideologue." Yet as long as we do not see the connection, so long academic intellectuals will assist in creating the results they deplore. If they were alone in the boat, it would be first-rate farce.

But there does seem to be an encouraging, though still small, counter-trend against left-liberalism among intellectuals. Nisbet's book is an example, as is the posthumous book *The Morality of Consent*, by Alexander Bickel. Other names come to mind. The counter-trend, which one hesitates to call conservative because of the danger of being misunderstood, tends to cite the tradition of Burke and Tocqueville. Its emphasis is social and historical, as in the case of Nisbet, or constitutional, as with Bickel, and appears not terribly at ease with economics. (The few times Nisbet traverses economic terrain are among the book's weaker passages.) Should this counter-trend incorporate elements of the free market tradition, an intellectual force of really major proportions would appear to challenge the "clerisy of power" now driving us toward centralization and uniformity. The makings are there. □

My Country and the World
By Andrei D. Sakharov
Knopf, 109 pp., $5.95 (cloth), $1.95 (paper)

THE HOPES OF A PESSIMIST

WALTER D. CONNOR

The author of this book is not quite the same man who first came to the attention of the West in 1968 with his "manifesto" *Progress, Coexistence, and Intellectual Freedom*. The change that has taken place over the last seven years is, in its own way, a confirmation of the old Marxian dictum that "man's existence determines his consciousness." For Sakharov's personal existence has been marked by intensified threats and harassment, the barring of his children from higher education, and the state's prolonged refusal to let his wife travel abroad for medical treatment of a condition which threatened her with blindness. The change, then, is toward pessimism about the direction of his own country—and pessimism as well about the West's response to Soviet challenges.

THIS IS NOT, however, a personal book. *My Country and the World* is very much in Sakharov's style—national and global concerns addressed in the unadorned language of one whose professional life has been spent, not in literature or journalism, but in the exact sciences. What has happened is that Sakharov's view of Soviet society and the Soviet regime—its accomplishments and its flexibility in responding to domestic stimuli—has been greatly moderated. The manifesto seemed in places an attempt fairly to apportion guilt for the state of the world between the "socialist camp" and the West—itself a revolutionary move in the Soviet context. This book, in contrast, sees Soviet policies as *the* major problem, asserts that it is "the super-militarism of the USSR that necessitates high military expenditures throughout the world," and doubts that the Soviet leadership will change its ways without strong reasons to do so—reasons which must be supplied by the Soviet Union's international environment.

What can the nations that make up the environment do? Sakharov suggests several different areas of action: 1) a tough, realistic disarmament stance, shorn of any illusions that, because of an "overstrained" economy, the USSR would gladly match any Western unilateral reductions, and stressing mutuality, balance, and on-site inspection (disarmament remains, for Sakharov, a matter of morality and sanity, and one of the constant threads in his thought); 2) more resolute *political* pressure on the USSR in "limited conflicts"—his view of Vietnam (a war that has, thus far, found *only* "revisionist" historians to tell its story) will not please those for whom the immorality of American involvement is an article of faith, since *he* remembers who supplied the North Vietnamese arsenal; 3) a realistic appreciation of the need for unity among the Western states, since without unity the already shaky world balance can only worsen.

Most interesting of all, however, are Sakharov's thoughts on the Western intellectuals, with whom he is now much more familiar than he was in 1968. His picture is kind, hopeful, but not flattering, touching as it does upon the "illusions commonly entertained by the leftist-liberal intelligentsia as to the nature of society in the USSR and the other socialist countries," and attacking the intelligentsia's frequent readiness "to support and defend extremist and even terrorist groups . . . if these groups are using a leftist mask." Sakharov may be a bit off-base on the first point—few leftist intellectuals view the USSR as a beacon any more. The light now shines from China. But more fundamentally, his words ring true. An intelligentsia that busies itself with condemning (as it should) repression in Spain and Chile, but turns a blind eye to Cuba, to Cambodia (which is undergoing what may be one of the century's most horrendous experiments), and to the USSR (where, Sakharov estimates, 700 to 1,000 persons are executed *annually*), is surely an uncertain repository for Sakharov's persistent hopes. □

Modern Painting and the Northern Romantic Tradition—Friedrich to Rothko
By Robert Rosenblum
Harper, 240 pp., $17.50

PAINTERS OF INFINITY

RUTH BERENSON

Everyone who has managed to stay awake through an art appreciation course knows that modern art was born in Paris back at end of the eighteenth century with Jacques Louis David, the Neo-Classicist; that in the 1820s, Delacroix raised the banner of Romanticism and ticked off David; that, in turn, Courbet, the Realist, discredited Romanticism—and then came Manet and the Impressionists, Cézanne and the Post-Impressionists, culminating in the twentieth century with Picasso, from whom all blessings flow. Right?

Well, not exactly. In the last few years critics have begun to suspect that while these labels usefully describe how French nineteenth century art developed, they are wildly off the beam for the rest of Europe and America. This skepticism has been reinforced by sev-

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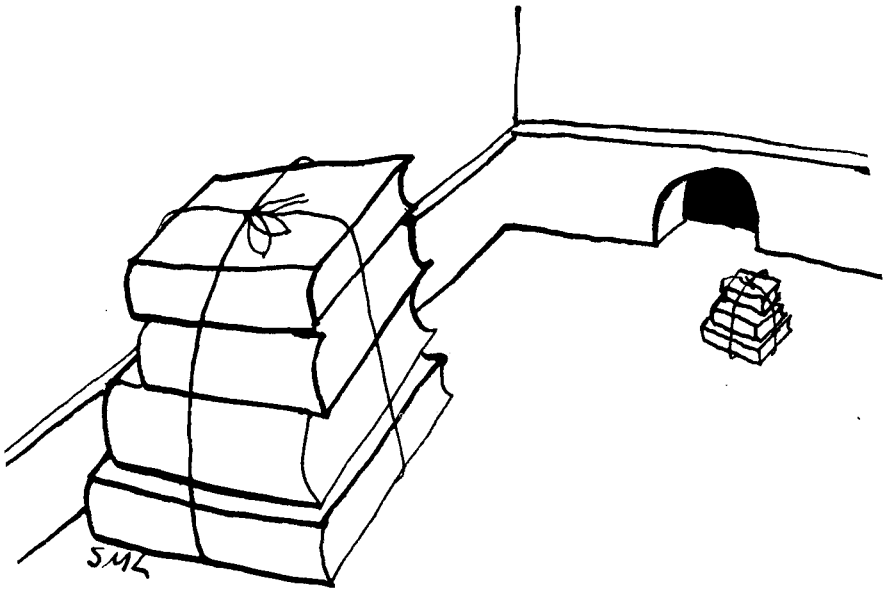

eral exhibitions of artists, mainly English and German, who have hitherto been underrated, misunderstood, and, outside their homelands, ignored—just because of their failure to conform to French norms. Many are generally either omitted from conventional art histories or treated as aberrant eccentrics. Some of these artists belong to the beginning of the century, others to its end—but all of them totally reject that basic French tenet, art for art's sake, and insist that the prime purpose of art is to move the emotions and express man's highest aspirations. Together, they are an important current in the river of nineteenth century art, a gushing stream at its beginning, temporarily submerged in its middle years, but bubbling up again in the 1880s to become a major strain in the art of our own time.

This is the theme of Robert Rosenblum's *Modern Painting and the Northern Romantic Tradition*, a pioneering book which may well set traditional art history on its ear; or, at the very least, force it to be less simplistic. It is so well written that its lack of color illustrations should not be a deterrent to the general reader.

Professor Rosenblum's hero is the great German Romantic painter, Caspar David Friedrich (1774-1840), whose mysterious, luminous landscapes —spidery trees silhouetted against sunset or moonlit skies; pine forests in the snow; mist-strewn mountains, graveyards, and Gothic ruins; men and women dwarfed by their setting, staring longingly at the horizon with their backs to the spectator—are the earliest painted expressions of Romanticism's preoccupation with nature as a microcosmic reflection of God. Although one of his French contemporaries wrote wonderingly, "Friedrich has discovered the tragedy of landscape," he was hardly known outside Germany until a retrospective at London's Tate Gallery in 1972, followed this year by an even larger showing mounted jointly by the museums of West Germany's Hamburg and East Germany's Dresden (which together own most of his work). Now he has suddenly emerged as one of the artistic titans of this or any age—and, in Professor Rosenblum's view, the fountainhead of much that came after, even though he founded no school and had few direct disciples.

Friedrich was a Pietist who used his typically Germanic gift with line and his mastery of luminous color to evoke, through a precise naturalism, the presence of a divinity for whom traditional Christian symbols no longer seemed adequate. He was not alone: his compatriot Philipp Otto Runge and, in England, William Blake and Samuel Palmer all invented new symbols, even new myths, to express their sense of ecstatic communion with God; similarly, Joseph Turner's late, seemingly amorphous landscapes are attempts to equate a heavenly Jerusalem with blazing light. In America, Thomas Cole viewed the Catskills with the same awe that overwhelmed Friedrich in the Siebengebirge, and his allegorical *Voyage of Life* series is a provincial but honestly felt counterpart to Friedrich's *Four Seasons*.

The mid-nineteenth century was not conducive to this kind of mysticism, but when Vincent van Gogh started to paint in the 1870s he was, quite unconsciously, inspired by a religiosity akin to that of Friedrich, with whom, as Professor Rosenblum demonstrates, he had far more in common than the Parisian artists with whom he is conventionally pigeonholed. The same is true of van Gogh's non-French contemporaries—Edvard Munch, Ferdinand Hodler, and, a few years later, Piet Mondrian and the Czech-born émigré, František Kupka (currently the subject of an important retrospective in New York's Guggenheim Museum). Mondrian and Kupka were both Theosophists, and their abstractions, seemingly nothing but bare-boned geometries, resulted from their search for "*the mysterious skeleton of nature.*" The so-called German Expressionists —Kandinsky, Klee, Feininger, Franz Marc—also sought a reality behind superficial appearances; so did the Surrealist Max Ernst, who freely acknowledges his debt to Friedrich.

PROFESSOR ROSENBLUM sees the American Abstract Expressionists, especially Barnett Newman and Mark Rothko, as the latest descendants of this tradition. His book jacket displays Friedrich's *Monk by the Sea* on its front, Rothko's *Green on Blue* on the back—and the resemblance between them is, indeed, startling in the common luminosity of the colors and the evocation of boundless space. Rothko once said, "I am interested only in expressing the basic human emotions—tragedy, ecstasy, doom . . . The people who weep before my pictures are having the same religious experience I had when I painted them. And if you . . . are moved only by their color relationships, then you miss the whole point." These words could have been spoken by Friedrich—and it is instructive to remember that when people first saw *Monk by the Sea* in 1810, its emptiness, an expression of infinity, puzzled and shocked them as Rothko's canvasses did 140 years later.

While Professor Rosenblum's use of "northern" in his title can be questioned (are the Swiss "northern"? the English?), and while there are a few omissions (the sculptor-painter Max Klinger comes most readily to mind), the importance of his presentation makes such objections trivial. For he has rendered obsolete the French-centered view of art in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries that has prevailed as Holy Writ among critics and historians alike. This is long overdue. □

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HAZELTON

(Continued from page 1300)

(3 East 52nd Street, NYC 10022, PL 2-1495), alive with masses of lovely flowers and people not necessarily on expense accounts, around $100. **The Box Tree** (242 East 50th Street, NYC 10022, 758-8320), another debated new restaurant described by some as *folie de décorateur*, around $100. **Le Cygne** (53 East 54th Street, NYC 10022, PL 9-5941), around $80 and up; a very attentive, pleasant place with food I like. Finally, a restaurant that I love in Paris and love as much here, the new **Le Colisée** (36 East 60th Street, NYC 10022, 421-8151). This is a fish restaurant, with fish flown in daily, deliciously cooked, and most elegantly presented. The place itself is a handsome, austere room, and has uncommonly pretty china. Price is in the $80s and up, but the wine list is short and reasonable; besides, it is the only *grand luxe* fish restaurant in New York.

Now let us move on to what I would call American *luxe*, at around $75 for two, without wine. **The Coach House** (110 Waverly Place near Sixth Avenue, NYC 10011, 777-0303) is my husband's and my favorite restaurant; it has outstanding food. **The Four Seasons** (99 East 52nd Street, NYC 10022, 754-9494) has a stunning decor, interesting food, attentive service, and one of the best and certainly most reasonable wine lists in New York. **Maxwell's Plum** (1181 First Avenue at 64th Street, NYC 10021, 628-2100), fanciful in decor, is one of New York's fashionable fun restaurants that you either like, or *don't* like.

Next in line are a number of upper but not deluxe establishments where dinner for two, without wine, will cost you around $50, plus or minus. The one you must not miss is **Nicola Paone** (207 East 34th Street, NYC 10016, 889-3239), a splendid restaurant with imaginative Italian food, patronized at lunch by NATIONAL REVIEW people. **Le Moal** (942 Third Avenue at 57th Street, NYC 10022, MU 8-8860), a most agreeable, informal French restaurant with heavenly mussels. **The Russian Tea Room** (150 West 57th Street, near Carnegie Hall, NYC 10019, CO 5-0947) is not a tearoom, but an old Russian restaurant that still serves well-cooked Russian dishes to all sorts of famous musicians and theatrical people; it bustles with congenial customers and is fun to be in. **Gage & Tollner** (372 Fulton Street, near Borough Hall in Brooklyn, TR 5-5181), is a famous restaurant dating back to gaslight days. Now a landmark, it has excellent seafood and steaks cooked *à l'Américaine*; this is a nice place.

Among the inexpensive restaurants are the **Trattoria da Alfredo** (90 Bank Street, NYC 10014, 929-4400), where you must reserve, and the **Tavola Calda da Alfredo** (285 Bleecker Street, NYC 10014, 924-4789), where you must not; both were written up by me in the July 18 issue of NATIONAL REVIEW. You don't need reservations at **Larre's** (50 West 56th Street, NYC 10019), another NY institution, far more like a restaurant in a French provincial town than any other, or at **The Front Porch** (253 West 11th Street and 2272 Broadway). Both Front Porches are informal places with simple, well-prepared menus of soups, sandwiches, and desserts.

Benihana of Tokyo (47 West 56th Street, NYC 10019, LU 1-0930, reservations) is a medium-priced Japanese restaurant with a gimmick that amuses teenagers, Europeans, and the simpler folks. You sit in a group around the large table, which consists of a narrow wooden ledge surrounding a gas-heated grill, on which a "juggler-chef" cooks

In politics we trust.

In fact, argues Robert Nisbet, we have allowed the raw power of politics to eclipse the traditional moderating authority of family, the church, and the community. The result is an immense concentration of might, a "democratic royalism" — of which Watergate is only the most recent and extreme example — with serious implications for the future and present state of American society. "It is not too much to say that this work is cardinal, one that ought to be read, pondered, and heeded." —*Saturday Review*

TWILIGHT OF AUTHORITY

Robert Nisbet

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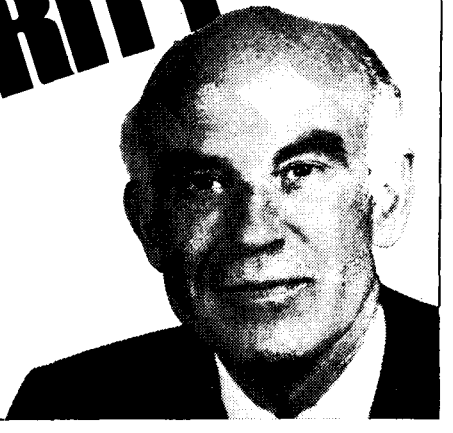

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your somewhat scanty dinner. **Uncle Tai's Hunan Yuan** (1059 Third Avenue, near 63rd Street, NYC 10021, TE 8-0850, reservations) is a very serious and expensive Chinese restaurant, with excellent, unusual food in the manner of Hunan, which is now in vogue for its spiciness (the restaurant will make it less spicy if you so wish). **Vasata** (339 East 75th Street, NYC 10021, 650-1686, reservations) is a medium-priced, pleasant Czechoslovakian restaurant with staple Czech dishes cooked the way they were back in the old country. I like the place; the people are nice and the schnitzels great. Ah, for Mitteleuropa!

All of these are a few drops in the sea of New York restaurants, chosen because I've been there and liked them, or heard good things about them. Yet restaurants have their good and bad days, just like people; let's hope that you will hit the good ones. If your reservations have not been honored or you have met with lack of courtesy (and there is no excuse for that), I would like to hear about it, and the culprits will hear from me.

Now for New York bars. The best ones are in the hotels, notably the one at the **Plaza**. A small, intimate bar I like is at the **Brussels** (115 East 54th Street), but then, no bar hound I.

Finally, if you really don't know what to do with the few hours between the afternoon and evening parts of the Gala, go to a health club or a steam bath. Just check the Manhattan Yellow Pages for information. Or go and see *The New York Experience*, the theatrical story of New York City past and present with 68 special effects, 45 projectors, and 16 screens. It's at the Trans-Lux New York Experience Theater, McGraw-Hill Building on Sixth Avenue between 48th and 49th Streets, no reservations, Monday through Thursday 11 A.M. to 7 P.M., Friday and Saturday 11 A.M to 8 P.M., and Sunday 12 noon to 8 P.M. It lasts one hour and is great fun for all ages. □

LEONIDOV

(Continued from page 1296)

into us from the time we were in day nurseries in the USSR, the poison sapping the strength so necessary to us now, the poison generating in our subconscious the bacilli of nostalgia. And before we know it, America seems bad to us. Already we curse the day and hour when we decided to take this first free step in our lives. After all, we were living and making a go of it. Quietly, amidst a heart-rending outcry; peacefully, amidst thousands of camps, millions of murders committed in the past, and millions more imminent and inescapable; in satiety, although we had to fill our stomachs with whatever we could get; freely, although the USSR is itself one big prison camp. And the devil possessed us to take off. Soon, everything that we have left behind begins to seem painfully close to the heart. And do what we will, even if we clamber up a skyscraper and jump, there still swirls around and foams within us the accursed poison of thralldom—whether historic or Communist no longer matters. What does matter is that within our human casing many of us harbor a dog's nature: we long for the hand that beat us and crippled our souls, the hand that we, however filled with loathing, nevertheless—each in his own way—licked.

Yes, here in America all are émigrés or descendants of émigrés, and the émigré is commonplace. But can one really equate the Soviet émigré with any other?

To be fair, we are not put on the same footing with other émigrés. We are fed, given language lessons, and fussed over. This is proper. We are given the opportunity to get on our feet. But we are not being cured. Assuredly, not everyone needs emergency treatment for that disease which, without being a cancerous growth, still has a tendency toward metastasis. But among those cut off from their profession and struggling with the language barrier, among those who received too large a dose of Communist poison, this disease is raging and needs treatment. Help is essential.

America is in a hurry. America is rushing past. She has no time and this is only natural, because she has more than enough to do without us. But all the same . . . all the same, she must find the time and speak with us, even if at present through an interpreter. I feel that you are offended with me, America, because I still don't know your language. No need to take offense. The time will come when I'll speak with you in English. And then our conversation will certainly be to our mutual benefit, and, possibly, my comrades and I might even stand you in good stead. But meanwhile, an interpreter is sorely needed.

And if you have no time to meet us by day, then snatch even half an hour

(Continues on page 1311)

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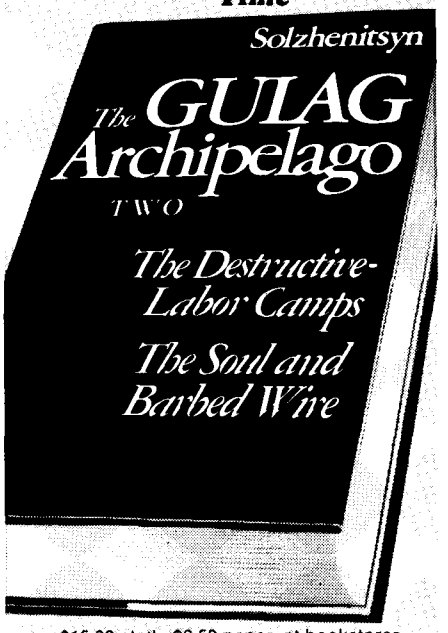

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[ERNEST] VAN DEN HAAG:

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LEONIDOV

(Continued from page 1309)

out of the night and let us meet with you somewhere in the stillness. We'll tell you about all the things that torment us and you will explain to us that all this is not as serious as it appears. We shall complain of the fears that beset us and you will convince us that these are phantoms, nothing more. We shall share our plans with you. You will either support them or advise us to take up something else.

When we express our various views, you will probably reply that we have still lived too briefly in the West, that we are too unbalanced, too little acquainted with the subtleties of true democracy to judge serious matters. And perhaps we shall agree with you, perhaps not, but it is essential that we meet and talk. After this conversation we shall more lightheartedly say, "Hello, America," but you will no longer respond with "all right" or "okay." Instead, perhaps, you may have gained certain ideas from our encounter—ideas to be pondered and discussed. □

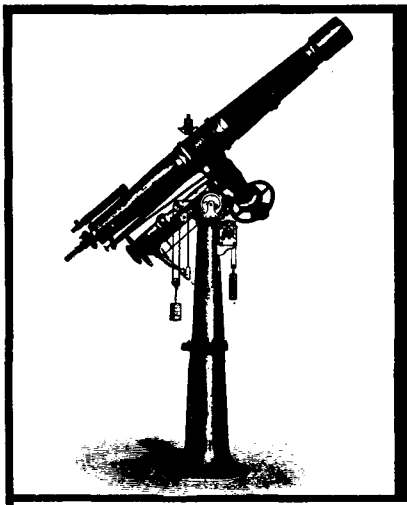
PHILLIPS

(Continued from page 1295)

patrol vessels is plainly inadequate for the long Pacific and Atlantic coastlines. The National Guard is armed with M-1 rifles of World War II vintage. The 100-man Presidential Guard, however, is armed with the latest Belgian rifles. Nicaragua has not purchased any arms or ammunition for some time, and the president said he canceled an order for patrol planes when the earthquake occurred.

The U.S. has been giving military assistance to Nicaragua for years, but mostly in the form of training and technical assistance; it is now being reduced. The U.S. agency AID has provided millions of dollars to Nicaragua under the Alliance for Progress. AID officials said Nicaragua is one of the few Latin American countries that put up matching funds for loans on projects.

The economy of Nicaragua is slowly improving. Like all Latin American nations, there is poverty among the masses and wealth in the hands of the few. But the economic improvement and the emotional shock of the earthquake seem to have engendered a spirit of activity in this country that was lacking previously. The people are looking toward the future with some hope. □



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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

On The Right

Ford v. New York?

New York, Nov. 11—Concerning Mr. Ford's speech and the reaction to it, a few observations:

1. Although it is true, as it has been observed, that even paranoids have real enemies, the paranoid reaction by prominent New York City spokesmen to Mr. Ford's refusal, as he put it, to bail out New York City is surrealistic. The *New York Daily News* headline the next morning was: "FORD TO CITY: DROP DEAD." The *New York Times*, as ever preferring orotundity to the vernacular, wailed the identical wail in its editorial columns at exorbitant length. And James Reston, looking down upon us from his perch in the Milky Way, talked about the end of the American empire, done in by regional factionalism.

MR. FORD IS NOT, in my judgment, picking on New York. If I contract chicken pox, the doctor who quarantines me is not picking on me. Much of social history is written around dramas focusing on a single entity. The labor unions *v.* the Pullman Company. Roosevelt *v.* the banks. Harry Truman *v.* the steel companies. Dwight Eisenhower *v.* Little Rock, Arkansas. It is only in this sense that you can speak about "Ford *v.* New York City." It is of course Ford's contention that the case is more properly labeled: The United States *v.* New York City. Because, he says quite correctly, the precedent New York City is demanding for itself is another draught of self-delusion which, taken in great doses, would drown the country, incidentally putting an end to Mr. Reston's empire.

2. Although the indignation against Mr. Ford has been excessive, there has been no clarifying indignation against the principal players who got us into this mess. *New York* magazine featured last week a brilliantly researched exposé of the twenty fateful steps that led New York into its current plight. It has been fiscal chicanery on a truly grand scale. It reminds one of the mordant cliché that if you kill one man you are a murderer, but if you kill five million you are a national military hero. Little old Whatshisname Segretti is sent off to jail by Honest John for dirty tricks in the New Hampshire primary involving a couple of phony letters to the editor. The dirty tricks played on innocent purchasers of New York City municipal bonds by a corporation of political racketeers of whom it must in honesty be conceded that Nelson Rockefeller served as chairman of the board, are free, out in the open spaces, some of them in high political office, and all of them moralizing against Ford's alliance with reality.

John Lindsay, who did more than any man to undermine the value of New York's bonds, writes for *Newsweek* magazine that after all, when he left office, City bonds were getting a higher rating from Standard and Poor's than when he took office. This is in the nature of looking up from the wreckage of a hurricane and pointing triumphantly to the weather report that promised clear and sunny weather. The point is not that Lindsay left the city with high-rated bonds, but that the people who gave out the ratings were either bamboozled, or fellow-conspirators. "The thing that makes me mad," said Senator Packwood at the Senate committee meeting on Thursday, "is that those guys sat here and lied to us —Carey and Goldin and Beame." The Senator's incumbent outrage is over the testimony of these New Yorkers that there is literally no other way to save New York than by federal intervention; when now it transpires that the huge pension funds of city employees are in fact adequate to accomplish the refinancing, if some of the people who helped lead New York astray will help guide it back to health. But the big lies, as *New York*'s exposé reveals, were told over a period of a decade or more during which funds were redeployed in the ledgers by the juggling of terminology so as to permit a scale of living incompatible with the resources of the city.

3. It needs only to be added that it is not in the least disreputable if Mr. Ford decides to make the case of New York City a national battleground. Certainly he has picked on someone his own size—something very different from, say, Kennedy *v.* the steel companies. Picking on the *New York Times and* the *New York Daily News and* CBS, NBC, ABC, AP, UPI, David Rockefeller, Albert Shanker, *and* Harriet Van Horne, takes a lot of kidney. And the issue is a real one. The real world *v.* the politicians' world. □

SECOND CLASS CITIZENS

New York, Nov. 4—*The New Yorker*, which has always been respected as a stylistic trendsetter in recent years, as everyone knows who is familiar with this entertaining, instructive, and readable weekly, has gone in for high colonic Conscience-Flushing. It is a pity that the lead writers in "The Talk of the Town" section of the magazine tend to make the rather common mistake of identifying their own conscience with that of the Republic. During the Vietnam years, the screech of pain became all but unbearable, and some of us came close to suggesting to the publishers that they bring out two editions of *The New Yorker*, one with, one without the opening pages—charging double for the shorter, unencumbered, unencumbering version. It is not known what exactly happened over there. Perhaps the editors are seeking to do penance for the fit of idolatry in the issue in which they commented on John F. Kennedy's inaugural address—the one in which the new President swore that we would undertake any sacrifice, bear any pain, proceed if necessary alone, to guarantee freedom everywhere in the world—an exalted rhetoric that greatly impressed many people at the time, and took us to war in Vietnam.

WITH THE removal of U.S. forces, one hoped for remission in *The New Yorker*, but it is very slow in coming. Most recently, "The Talk of the Town" rambled on about the CIA hearings, concluding that it is really very hard nowadays to distinguish between conventional bad guys, like the Mafia and the KGB, and ostensible good guys, like the CIA and the FBI. Indeed, the edi-

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torial concluded, "the CIA, the SLA, the FBI, and Charles Manson's family were mingling on our television screens, in our thoughts, and, it seemed, in the real world, and it was getting harder by the minute to tell them apart." Here is a fine example of the rhetorical art put to narcissistic excess. It is one thing to say: "I find it harder and harder to tell them apart." Another to say: "*It* is getting harder to tell them apart."

Me, I have no trouble at all telling apart Charles Manson, say, and James Angleton, but no doubt about it, in the real world—which, however, is a world over-affected by the formative thought of Eastern Seaboard liberalism—they are having that trouble. It is really getting to the point where ex-employees of the CIA, who once were something of an aristocracy among public servants—men and women who worked in anonymity, sometimes risking their lives to forward a foreign policy that had bipartisan political backing and was oriented to the idealistic task of stemming by means short of war the Communist tide—found themselves, on revealing their past association in the course of applying for another job, being treated as cretins. It is both a pity that Mr. Eric Biddle Jr. now feels he has to take the matter to court, and a relief that he is doing so, in what amounts to something of a class action on behalf of all former members of the CIA who are being treated shabbily—by the government of the United States.

Mr. Biddle worked for the CIA between 1950 and 1960, and so far as is known he did not assassinate, or lay the grounds for assassination of, any member of the Kennedy family, or any civil rights leader. When in 1965 he decided to go back into government service, he found himself in due course working for a government agency called Action, about which I know little and therefore suspect it shouldn't even exist.

ON THE discovery by his employers that he had worked for the CIA, the harassments began, and became so acute that, finally, Biddle was driven to suing the Civil Service Commission. The Commission came up with the most extraordinary finding in recent history: the ban against discrimination by government agencies, e.g., by reason of race, sex, age, etc., did not extend to a ban against discrimination by reason of having worked for another and presumably nefarious branch of government. So: *Eric H. Biddle Jr.* v. *The United States of America* goes now to the United States District Court for the District of Columbia, and it becomes Mr. Biddle's burden, to return to the language of *The New Yorker*, to persuade the court that there is an observable difference between having worked for the U.S. Central Intelligence Agency, and having camped out with Charles Manson and Squeaky and the girls, honing the kitchen knives. Presumably any juror who reads *The New Yorker* will be disqualified for cause. □

BREAKING IN ON CONGRESS

New York, Oct. 31—You hear a noise downstairs, at three in the morning. You know it isn't your son, because your son is a boy of very regular habits, and never comes in before five. You are among (approximately) forty million Americans who own a pistol, so you take it out of the drawer, grab a flashlight, and tiptoe down the stairs. Reaching the dining room you listen, heart pounding. From over there you hear the muffled noise of hardware-against-velvet. You flash your beam across the room where, working without light, a stranger is calmly and almost silently emptying your silverware into a burlap bag. Three possible sequences:

1. "Stop where you are, or I'll shoot!" The burglar meekly raises his hands. Gun cocked, you call the police. Kojak arrives. "Oh, so it's you again, Lenny. Homesick for Sing Sing? Well, you stick with me, Lenny, and I'll take you home to Mother."

2. "Stop where you are, or I'll shoot!" The burglar drops to his knees, pulls out his own rod, fires, misses. You fire back, bull's-eye. You call the Frank Campbell Funeral Home, the police investigate; case closed.

3. "Stop where you are, or I'll shoot!" The burglar replies: "Under the Criminal Justice Reform Act of 1975, my dear Mr. Abernathy, you may not shoot me unless I threaten you with death or with 'serious'—get that, Abernathy, '*serious*'—bodily injury. I am not threatening you with death, and such bodily injury as I shall inflict on you if you get in the way of my little project here will not be serious. I mean, you might be out of action for a day or two, but as much would be true if you fell off your horse, or slipped in your bathtub. The law says that if you have the alternative of doing so, you are to 'retreat' to another part of the house—may I suggest your bedroom, Abernathy?—where, 'with complete safety' to yourself and others, you may repose until I have left."

You think about it for a moment, but when you see him reach out and stick into his bag the large silver frame without even bothering to take out and leave you with the lifetime collage of pictures of your children growing up, you flush, raise your pistol again, and, with that tone of voice that you use maybe only once a year or so, but which stills the ocean waves and silences your wife, you say: "Unless you drop that bag and get out of here in thirty seconds, I'm going to plug you right through the eyes, and when the police come, I'll tell them you threatened me with serious—hear me? *serious*—bodily injury. And nobody's going to be around to contradict me, buster, because you will be occupied at that point in a dialogue with Saint Peter. I would rather shoot you in the leg, and then call the police; but if I do, there is going to be a long legal wrangle, during which you will lecture the jury on the Criminal Justice Reform Act of 1975, and how it was backed by the Ford Administration. Unfortunately, the Criminal Justice Reform Act of 1975 has backed *me* into the option of shooting *only* to kill." Exit burglar.

In fact, the proposed amendment to the federal law hasn't yet passed through Congress. And, in fact, there are those who interpret the present law as already denying to a householder the right to use a deadly weapon against a burglar unless gravely threatened. And, in fact, individual states, most notoriously New York, already proscribe the use of a gun against a burglar.

THE WHOLE THING is rampant liberalism. A prominent Washington attorney, Northcutt Ely, is quoted in opposition to the proposed law. "How do you know whether some person prowling around in your house at night is going to harm your family? Do you interview him? Do you first ask him whether he is going to rob you or kidnap you before you shoot him?"

Mr. A. Z. Eaton suggests, in a letter to a paper in Helena, Montana, supplementary reforms to the act. Homeowners should be denied the right to lock their doors and windows, lest burglars hurt themselves while breaking in. Homeowners should be held legally responsible for any harm suffered by the robber. Damages paid to the burglar should be specified by a panel of his peers; namely, other criminals. And, finally, robbers should be adequately covered under workmen's compensation. "I sincerely hope," writes Mr. Eaton, "the Congress will give this bill and these amendments more than passing consideration." But one begins to think it is unconstitutional for Congress to give anything more than passing consideration. □

(Washington Star Syndicate, Inc.)

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. The unlawful killing of a human being without malice expressed or implied — 69 83 11 33 101 90 130 143 195 125 / 17 42

B. Appropriated for public use — 109 200 15 66 191 100 173 152 75 122 / 157

C. The chambers of canal locks — 118 67 182 199 32 63 133

D. Solutions obtained by lixiviation (and that's the truth!) — 131 115 192 144

E. The surrender of a prisoner by one authority to another — 136 184 190 201 12 38 45 49 72 105 / 107

F. A type of bug (not humbug!) — 172 134 140 145 110 174

G. Ashy pale — 189 141 16 175 165

H. A specialist in diseases of the mind — 59 82 166 196 87 183 178 19

I. Water nymphs — 3 22 34 55 85 48

J. An American journalist (1840-1921) — 79 77 167 147 6 197 193 43 74

K. Unlawful — 84 96 81 20 1 168 116

L. A poor method for obtaining a confession — 92 61 80 114 154 164 177 4 68 150 / 158

M. Ashamed — 126 70 94 21 46 2 98

N. Unequal things that can be made even — 156 51 88 111

O. What Mexicans call their country — 50 56 64 78 97 31 7 60 28 39 / 47 18

P. An annuity system invented by a Neapolitan — 194 117 135 23 99 142 162

Q. There's no excuse for this where vicious criminals are concerned — 41 102 5 181 119 170 24 187 35

R. If this weren't here, it wouldn't be missed — 148 26 104 44 198 89 112 37

S. What Spiro Agnew pleaded — 153 40 13 25 123 169 180 155 186 65 / 57 108 29 127

T. To refuse to give way — 160 106 8 138 151 71

U. Inflexible — 27 149 9 91 159

V. Torrid ozone — 76 10 132 163 52 120

W. An organization of criminals — 176 113 128 14 171

X. The employment of spies — 30 139 185 93 73 161 129 58 53

Y. A river that flows from one Great Lake to another — 36 86 146 95 179 121 188

Z. What preachers use for support — 103 62 137 124 54

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 1310 for Solution to last Trans-O-Gram

1 K	2 M	3 I	4 L	5 Q	6 J	7 O	8 T	9 U	10 V	11 A	12 E	13 S		14 W	15 B	16 G	17 A
18 O	19 H	20 K	21 M	22 I	23 P	24 Q	25 S	26 R	27 U		28 O	29 S	30 X		31 O	32 C	33 A
34 I	35 Q	36 Y	37 R	38 E		39 O	40 S		41 Q	42 A	43 J	44 R	45 E	46 M	47 O		48 I
49 E	50 O	51 N	52 V	53 X	54 Z		55 I	56 O	57 S		58 X	59 H	60 O	61 L	62 Z	63 C	
64 O	65 S	66 B	67 C	68 L	69 A	70 M	71 T	72 E	73 X	74 J		75 B	76 V	77 J	78 O		79 J
80 L	81 K	82 H		83 A	84 K	85 I		86 Y	87 H		88 N	89 R	90 A	91 U	92 L	93 X	94 M
95 Y		96 K	97 O	98 M	99 P	100B	101A	102Q	103Z	104R	105E	106T		107E	108S	109B	110F
111N	112R	113W	114L	115D		116K	117P		118C	119Q	120V	121Y	122B	123S	124Z		125A
126M	127S		128W	129X	130A	131D	132V	133C		134F	135P		136E	137Z	138T	139X	140F
141G	142P	143A		144D	145F	146Y	147J	148R	149U	150L	151T		152B	153S	154L		155S
156N		157B	158L	159U	160T	161X	162P		163V	164L	165G	166H	167J	168K	169S	170Q	171W
172F		173B	174F	175G	176W	177L	178H		179Y	180S	181Q		182C	183H	184E		185X
186S	187Q	188Y	189G	190E	191B	192D	193J		194P	195A	196H	197J	198R	199C	200B	201E	

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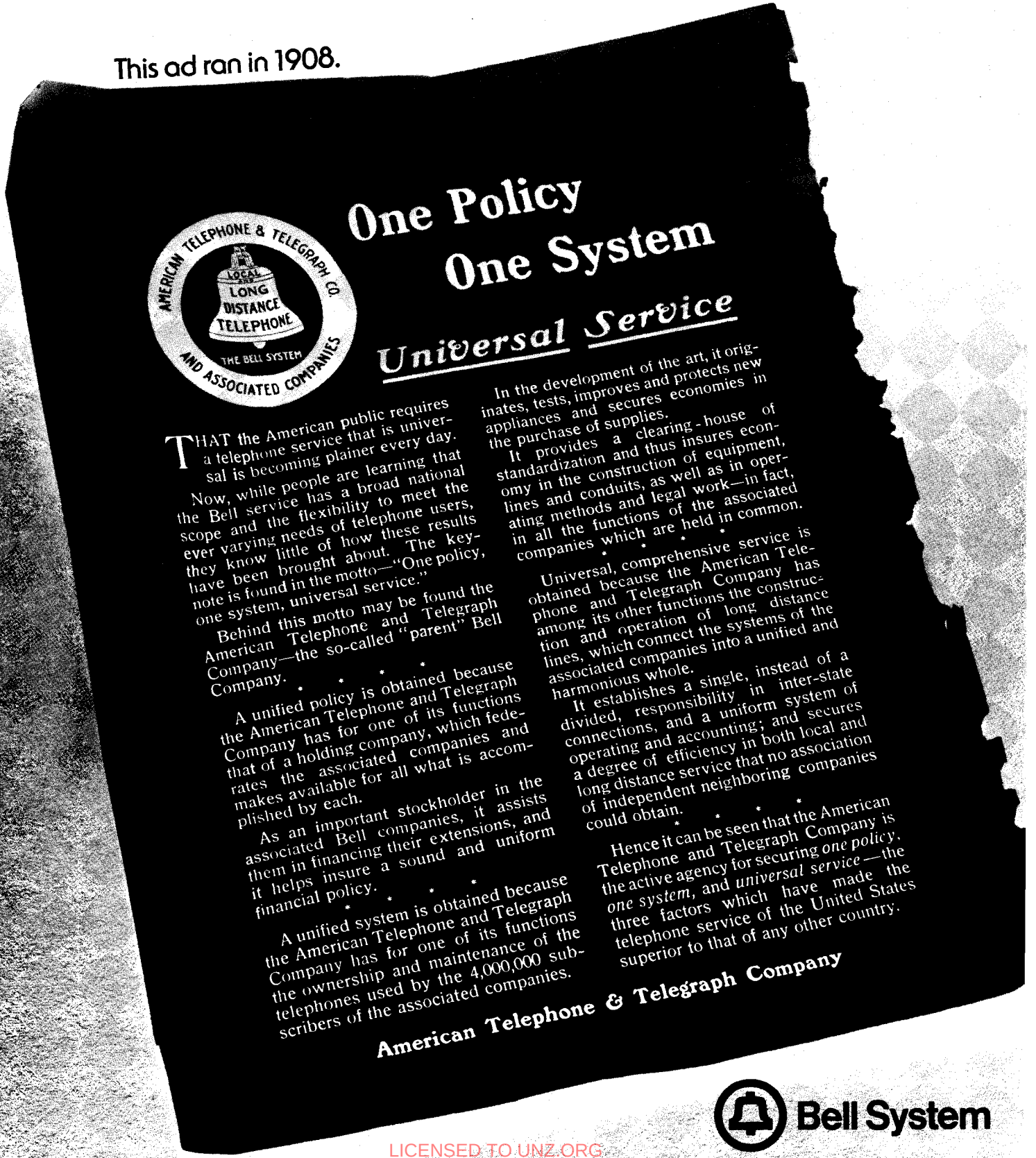
One of a series on the first hundred years of the telephone.

The best phone system in the world didn't just happen. It was planned a long time ago.

This ad ran in 1908.



One Policy One System

Universal Service

THAT the American public requires a telephone service that is universal is becoming plainer every day.

Now, while people are learning that the Bell service has a broad national scope and the flexibility to meet the ever varying needs of telephone users, they know little of how these results have been brought about. The keynote is found in the motto—"One policy, one system, universal service."

Behind this motto may be found the American Telephone and Telegraph Company—the so-called "parent" Bell Company.

* * *

A unified policy is obtained because the American Telephone and Telegraph Company has for one of its functions that of a holding company, which federates the associated companies and makes available for all what is accomplished by each.

As an important stockholder in the associated Bell companies, it assists them in financing their extensions, and it helps insure a sound and uniform financial policy.

* * *

A unified system is obtained because the American Telephone and Telegraph Company has for one of its functions the ownership and maintenance of the telephones used by the 4,000,000 subscribers of the associated companies.

In the development of the art, it originates, tests, improves and protects new appliances and secures economies in the purchase of supplies.

It provides a clearing-house of standardization and thus insures economy in the construction of equipment, lines and conduits, as well as in operating methods and legal work—in fact, in all the functions of the associated companies which are held in common.

* * *

Universal, comprehensive service is obtained because the American Telephone and Telegraph Company has among its other functions the construction and operation of long distance lines, which connect the systems of the associated companies into a unified and harmonious whole.

It establishes a single, instead of a divided, responsibility in inter-state connections, and a uniform system of operating and accounting; and secures a degree of efficiency in both local and long distance service that no association of independent neighboring companies could obtain.

* * *

Hence it can be seen that the American Telephone and Telegraph Company is the active agency for securing *one policy*, *one system*, and *universal service*—the three factors which have made the telephone service of the United States superior to that of any other country.

American Telephone & Telegraph Company

Bell System

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Attorney
For The Attending Physicians
Of Karen Ann Quinlan

DR. MILTON HEIFETZ
Neurosurgeon
Questioning Medical Ethics

THE WEEK OF NOVEMBER 15
ON THE PBS NETWORK

Crime and Criminals

JAMES Q. WILSON
Harvard Professor
On The Class Attitudes To Crime.

ERNEST VAN DEN HAAG
NYU Professor
On Prisons And Punishment

THE WEEK OF NOVEMBER 22
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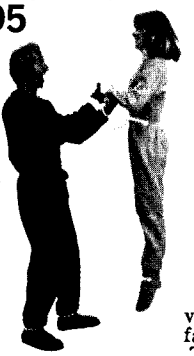
...our famous cold-weather fashion for ladies!
Now exclusively ours in men's styles, too.

only **$15.88** each
(Men's or Ladies')
EXTRA SPECIAL: any 2, only $30.00
Reg. $19.95



For the first time ever ...a SALE on the most popular, most imitated gift garment of its type in America today! THOUSANDS sold at higher prices — good value THEN, an even BETTER BUY now!

Yes, from Unique Products, substantial savings on the *original* — the *only* Bundler™. It's our famous grown-up version of the classic favorite for children. The snuggly fashion that will make *any* "big kid" a beautiful baby all over again! Deliciously sexy on *her*, and — in our great, new (and exclusive) men's version — ruggedly good-looking on *him*.

Bundlers are soft and comfortable always. Wonderfully warm. And unlike the light, flimsy "imitations" you may have seen around, our Bundlers are tailored in fuzzy, *blanket-weight* 100% Acrilan® acrylic (same good fabric as the well-known children's model) . . . Wear-Dated® by Monsanto for construction, detailing and durability.

The Bundler™ by Unique is made for lounging, for sleeping, for daydreaming, for almost anything in the way of just plain luxury. Ladies' Bundler features a full-torso nylon zipper that matches the color of the garment; Men's Bundler has a full-torso nylon zipper with fly front. There's a rope waistband and ankle rope-ties (for extra warmth) on *hers;* a sturdy self-fabric belt on *his*. Both Bundlers have stretch-knit wristlets and anklets, plus detachable slippers. In sum, everything to keep a couple cozier than they've been since who-knows-when.

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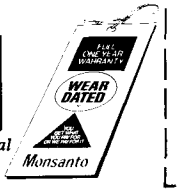
Ladies' Sizes

If height is:	Choose:
up to 5'2"	S
5'2" to 5'4"	M
5'4" to 5'6"	L
over 5'6"	XL

Men's Sizes

If height is:	Choose:
up to 5'6"	S
5'6" to 5'9"	M
5'9" to 6'0"	L
over 6'	XL

This garment is warranted for one full year's normal wear. Refund or replacement when returned with tag and proof of purchase to Monsanto.



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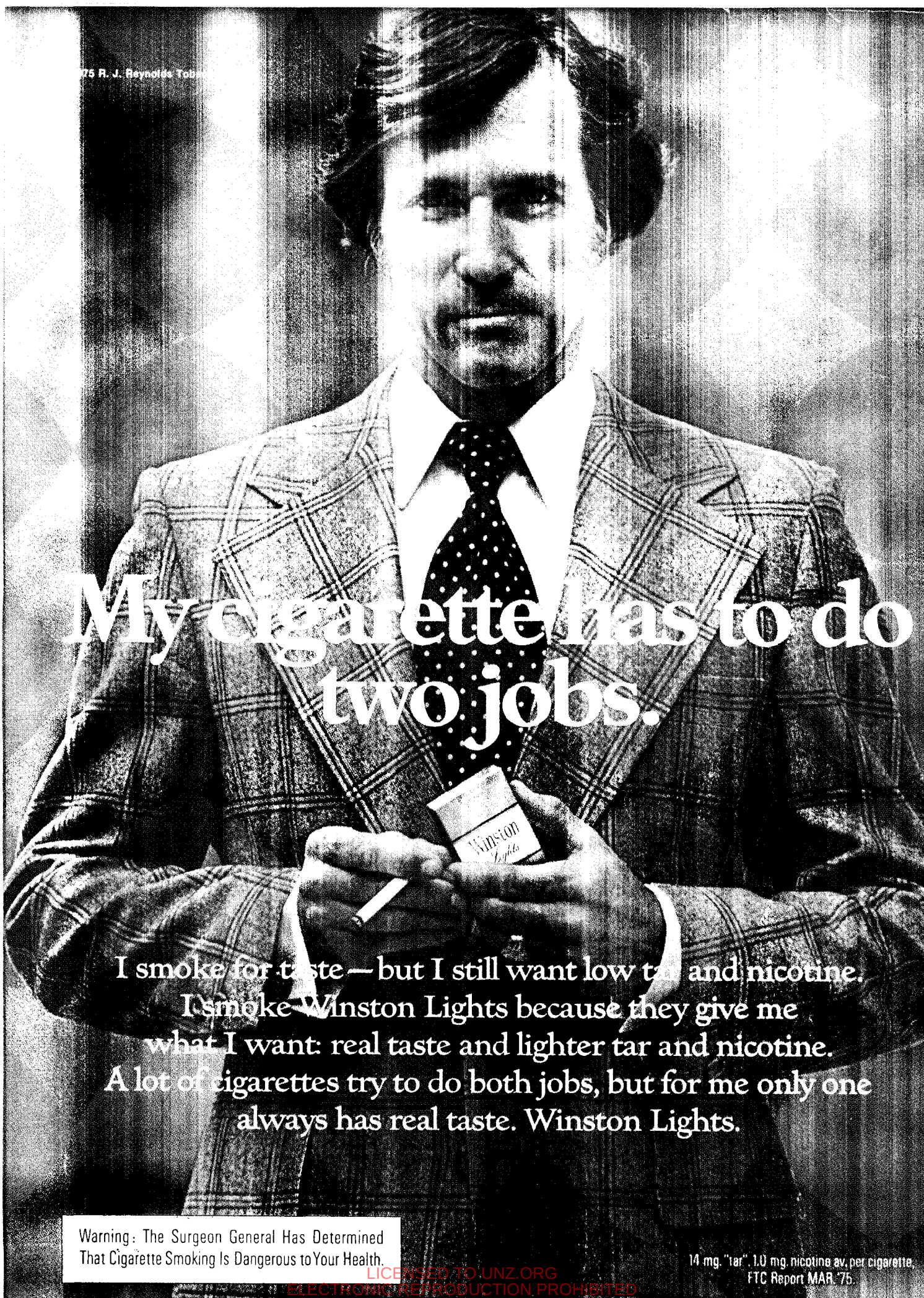
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